

CANADA
TO-DAY AND
YESTERDAY
—
DAVID W. OATES



TALES OF TRAVEL

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Tales of Travel

C A N A D A
TO-DAY & YESTERDAY

Tales of Travel

A NEW SERIES

Edited by DAVID W. OATES

First Volumes

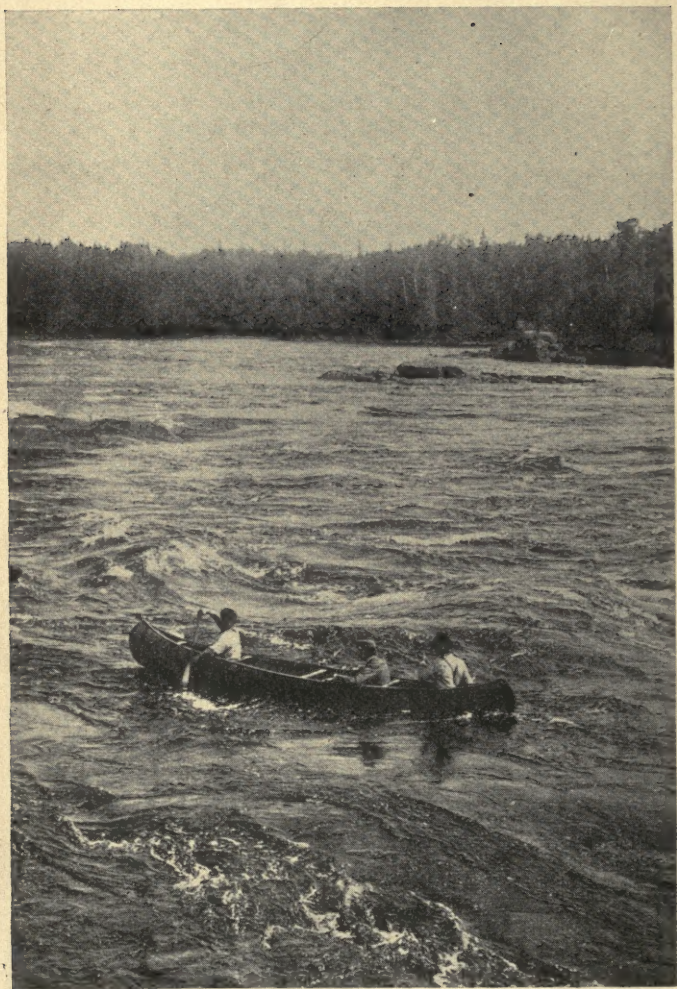
**CANADA TO-DAY AND
YESTERDAY**

TRAVELS IN POLAR SEAS

TRAVEL IN THE HOMELAND

TRAVEL THROUGH THE

BRITISH EMPIRE



GRAND DISCHARGE RAPIDS, LAKE ST JOHN

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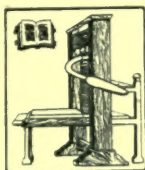
CANADA

TO-DAY & YESTERDAY

RETOLD FROM THE JOURNALS OF TRAVELLERS ETC.

By DAVID W. OATES

AUTHOR OF "HEROES OF OLD BRITAIN" "THE
STORY OF GWENT" "TRAVEL IN POLAR SEAS" ETC.



290164
19-7-33

LONDON
GEORGE G HARRAP & COMPANY
2 & 3 PORTSMOUTH STREET KINGSWAY W.C.

1914



PRINTED AT
THE BALLANTYNE PRESS
LONDON ENGLAND

PREFACE

THE aim of this volume is to present those aspects of the story of Canada that appeal to young readers in the form of a series of adventures, retold from the journals of pioneers, explorers, and travellers, that will be read with eagerness by every boy and girl. The story opens with the adventures of the early explorers; then follow the struggle with France for the possession of the great Dominion, the conflict with the native tribes, the brave resistance against American attacks; famous journeys through the vast North-West and across the Rockies, and the story of marvellous modern developments that are opening up extensive territories whose possibilities are at the present time hardly realized. In reading the adventures of those pioneers of Empire who have gone forth, age after age, to discover, to conquer, and to develop, the reader will unconsciously learn a great deal of the history of the Dominion, and derive much definite information regarding its physical features, climate, productions, industries, and the manners and customs of the people.

For liberty to use extracts from the more recent publications the writer desires to acknowledge the kindness of the Dowager Viscountess Wolseley and

CANADA TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

Messrs. Constable and Co. (Ch. X); Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston and Co. (Ch. XI); Messrs. Longmans, Green and Co. (Ch. XIV); the Canadian Pacific Railway Company (Ch. XIII and XV), and the Grand Trunk Railway Company (Ch. XVI). He also desires to acknowledge his indebtedness to the journals and earlier works from which extracts have been made.

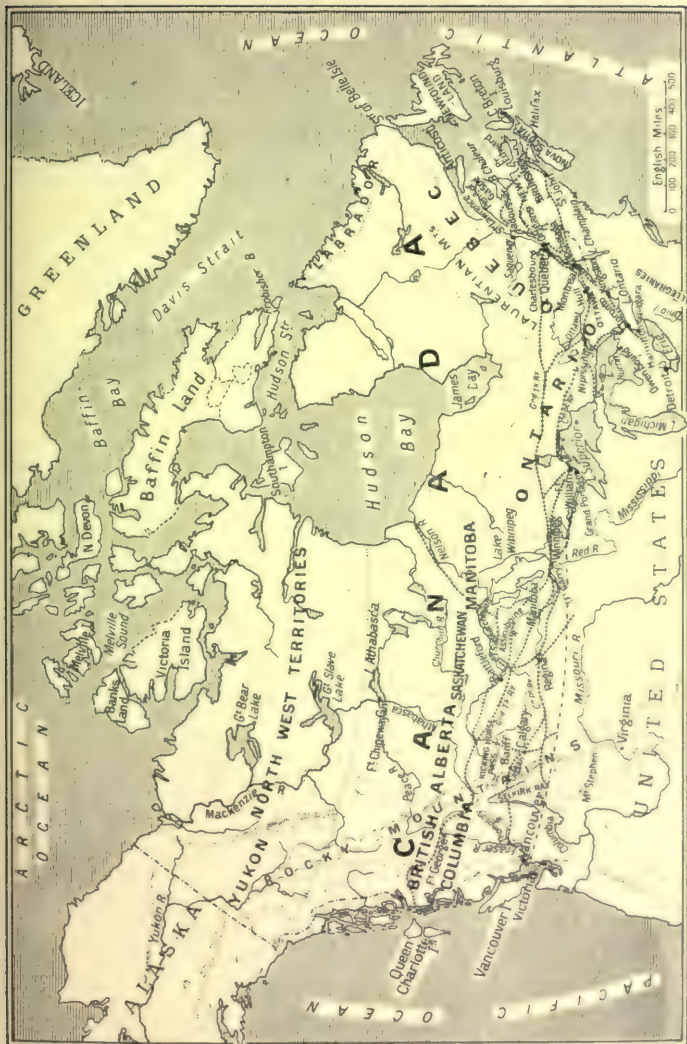
For many of the illustrations he is indebted to the courtesy of the High Commissioner for Canada, the Canadian Emigration Office, the Grand Trunk Railway Company, the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, and the editor of *Canada*.

D. W. O.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. THE ENGLISH ADVENTURERS	13
II. JACQUES CARTIER IN CANADA	26
III. CHAMPLAIN AND QUEBEC	36
IV. BORDER FEUDS BETWEEN ENGLISH AND FRENCH	44
V. THE HEIGHTS OF ABRAHAM	55
VI. ADVENTURES AMONG THE INDIANS	68
VII. THE INDIAN WAR	79
VIII. THE AMERICAN INVASIONS (1775-1812)	99
IX. TO THE PACIFIC OVERLAND: THE FIRST CROSSING OF NORTH AMERICA	110
X. THE RED RIVER REBELLION (1870)	127
XI. ENTERING THE ROCKIES IN 1872	133
XII. HUNTING THE BUFFALO	142
XIII. FISHING AND CAMPING ON THE FRENCH RIVER	150
XIV. A WINTER WITH THE LUMBERERS	156
XV. ACROSS CANADA BY THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY	161
XVI. MONTREAL, QUEBEC, AND OTTAWA	176
XVII. A LAND OF GREAT RIVERS AND LAKES	190
XVIII. CANADA'S DESTINY	200
MAP OF CANADA	11
	9





*Land of mighty lake and forest ! where the winter's
locks are hoariest,
Where the summer's leaf is greenest, and the winter's
bite is keenest,
Where the autumn's leaf is searest, and her parting
smile is dearest,
Where the cataract stupendous lifteth up his voice tre-
mendous,
Where uncultivated Nature rears her pines of giant
stature,
Where the gentle deer are bounding, and the wood-
man's axe resounding,
Land of mighty lake and river, to our hearts thou art
dear for ever.*

E. McLACHLAN

CHAPTER I

THE ENGLISH ADVENTURERS

THE honour of being the first voyager of his time to reach the shores of America belongs to John Cabot, a Venetian navigator who had settled at Bristol. Under a charter granted by Henry VIII, Cabot set sail, and on June 24, 1497, sighted land to which he gave the name 'Prima Vista' (First Seen). The English, preferring a name in their own tongue, afterward called it Newfoundland. In the tenth century the Norsemen, after discovering Greenland, sailed along the eastern shores of North America. They did not settle in the country, however, and although it is said that their last voyage from Greenland was made as late as the year 1347, their association with the continent speedily faded into a tradition. It was not till the year following Cabot's expedition that Columbus saw the coast of South America, where the Orinoco pours its vast flood into the ocean. The Cabots, like Columbus, sought to reach Cathay and the golden regions of India by means of a north-west passage. They sailed to the north until, finding the sea encumbered with floating ice, they were forced to turn their ships southward. The coast to the south

CANADA TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

presented the same unbroken continuity and gave little hope of discovering the passage to find which had been their first object. At length, worn out with the voyage, they turned their ships homeward and returned to England.

English voyagers were not slow to take up the work that the Cabots had begun, and early in the sixteenth century English sailors made their way to the shores of Newfoundland. Sir Humphrey Gilbert took formal possession of the island in the name of Queen Elizabeth, and, after many adventures, was returning home in his little vessel the *Squirrel* in 1583, when they encountered such violent storms that the ship sank and was never more heard of. Frobisher's voyages of discovery were followed by the expedition of Captain Davis, who sailed up into the Arctic Circle in his search for the north-west passage. A little later Henry Hudson discovered the great bay that bears his name, but his voyage had a tragic ending, for his crew mutinied, and set him adrift in an open boat to perish of cold and hunger in the Arctic seas.

Frobisher fought his way beyond Newfoundland and Labrador to Baffin Land, where he entered a bay that now bears his name, and came in contact with some Eskimo tribes. During his short stay here he discovered some ore which he believed to contain gold, and on his arrival home with a report of his discovery, people's minds were filled with visions of wealth, and they hastened to prepare ships that he might make a second voyage to seek for the precious ore. Even the Queen was induced to patronize the expedition, and the ships had an

14

THE ENGLISH ADVENTURERS

enthusiastic send-off when they set sail. They returned to England with a cargo of the ore, but,



Photo. Mansell & Co.

HUDSON'S LAST VOYAGE

after examination, it was found to be quite worthless. Though the expedition proved a failure so far as the search for wealth was concerned, it furnished

CANADA TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

the English with much information regarding the people inhabiting the new land, as will be seen from the following passages taken from the account of the voyage written by one of the members of Frobisher's party.

“On July 16, 1577, we came within sight of the land which our general, the year before, had named The Queen's Foreland, being an island, as we judge, lying near the supposed continent of America. On the other side, opposite to the same, is another island called Hall's Isle, after the name of the master of the ship, near the mainland, supposed to be part of Asia. Between these two islands there is a large entrance or strait, called Frobisher's Strait, after the name of our general, who first discovered it.

“At our first coming, the straits seemed to be shut up with a long wall of ice, which gave no little cause of discomfort to us all ; but our general, with two little pinnaces specially prepared, passed twice through them to the east shore and the adjacent islands, and the ship, with the two barques, lay off and on somewhat farther into the sea, from the danger of the ice.

“Whilst he was searching the country near the shore, some of the people of the country appeared, leaping and dancing, with strange shrieks and cries, which gave no little astonishment to our men. Our general, desirous to allure them unto him by fair means, caused knives and other things to be offered to them, which they would not take at our hands ; but when they were laid on the ground, and the party went away, they came and took them up, leaving something of theirs in exchange for them.

THE ENGLISH ADVENTURERS

At length two of them, leaving their weapons, came down to our general and master, who went forward, commanding the company to stay. After certain dumb signs and mute congratulations, our general and master tried to lay hands upon them, but they cleverly escaped, and ran to their bows and arrows, and came fiercely upon them, not heeding the rest of our company who were ready for their defence, but with their arrows hurt several of them. We took one, but the other escaped.



MARTIN FROBISHER

“Within four days after our arrival at the entrance of the straits, the north-west and west winds dispersed the ice into the sea, and made for us a wide entrance into the straits, so that, without any impediment, on July 19, we entered them. At our first arrival, after the ship rode at anchor, our general, with such company⁷ as could well be spared from the ships, in marching order, entered the land.

“For some days our general searched this supposed continent of America, and not finding it answer his expectation in regard to its wealth, he departed with two little barques, and men sufficient, to the east shore, being the supposed continent of Asia. There he left the ship with most of the gentlemen, soldiers and sailors, until such time as he either thought good to send or come for them.

CANADA TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

“After our general had found out a good harbour for the ship and barques to anchor in, and also a quantity of supposed gold ore, he returned to the *Michael*, of which Master York was captain, accompanied by our master and his mate. Coasting along the west shore, not far from where the ship rode, they perceived a fair harbour, and at the entrance they espied two tents of seal skins, to which the captain, master, and others of the company resorted. At the sight of our men the people fled into the mountains; nevertheless, we went to their tents, where, leaving certain trifles of ours, as glasses, bells, knives, and such like things, we departed, not taking anything of theirs except one dog.

“On the same day, after consultation, all the gentlemen, and others that could be spared from the ship, under the lead of Master Philpot, went ashore, determining to see if by fair means we could either induce the people to make friends with us, or otherwise take some of them, and so attain to some knowledge of those men whom our general lost the year before.

“On our returning to the place where their tents were before, we found that they had removed their tents farther into the bay or sound, where, if they were driven from the land, they might flee with their boats into the sea. Dividing into two companies, and going round a mountain, we came suddenly upon them by land, who espying us, without delay fled to their boats, leaving the most part of their oars behind them in their haste, and rowed down the bay, where our two pinnaces met them and

18

THE ENGLISH ADVENTURERS

drove them to shore. But if they had had all their oars, so swift are they in rowing, that it had been lost time to have chased them.

“When they were landed they fiercely assaulted our men with their bows and arrows, who wounded three of them with our arrows. Perceiving themselves thus hurt, they desperately leapt off the rocks into the sea, and drowned themselves: which if they had not done, but had submitted themselves, or if by any means we could have taken them alive, we would have saved them, and tried to cure their wounds received at our hands.

“Having this knowledge both of their fierceness and cruelty, and perceiving that we could not by fair means win their confidence, we decided, contrary to our inclination, to adopt sterner measures. We returned to their tents and plundered them, where we found an old shirt, a doublet, a girdle, and also shoes of our men, whom we lost the year before. On nothing else belonging to them could we set our eyes.

“Their riches are not gold, silver, or fine clothes, but tents and boats, made of the skins of red deer and seal skins; also dogs like wolves, but for the most part black, with other things of little value, more to be wondered at for their strangeness than for any use they were to us.

“Returning to our ship on August 3, we departed from the west shore, which we supposed to be the mainland of America, and anchored in a fair harbour named Anne Warwick’s Sound, near which is an island named also after the Countess of Warwick. In this isle our general resolved to load the ship and barques with enough stone or supposed gold mineral

CANADA TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

to pay the expenses of both his voyages to these countries.

“While we stayed here some of the country people came to show themselves to us several times on the main shore, near to the said isle. Our general, desirous to have some news of his men whom he lost the year before, with some of the crew repaired with the ship’s boat to try to establish friendly relations with the people. They at the first meeting made signs to him that three of his five men were alive, and desired pen, ink and paper, and that within three or four days they would return, and (as we judged) bring those of our men, who were living, with them.

“They also told us in signs about their king, whom they called Cacough : how he was carried on man’s shoulders, and was a man far surmounting any of our company in bigness and stature.

“When we saw them make signs of desiring writing materials, pen, ink and paper was delivered them, which they would not take from our hands, but when we laid them upon the shore, and went away, they took them up. They do the same when they desire anything in exchange for theirs, laying for that which is left so much as they think will be equivalent, and not coming near us. It seems they have been used to this trade, or traffic, with some other people adjoining, or not far distant from their country.

“After four days some of them showed themselves upon the mainland, but not where they were before. Our general was very glad at this, thinking he would hear of our men. So he went from the island, with

THE ENGLISH ADVENTURERS

the boat, and sufficient company with him. The people seemed very glad, and allured him about a certain point of the land, behind which we were able to perceive a company of the crafty villains to lie lurking. Our general would have nothing to do with them because he knew not what company they were, and so with a few signs dismissed them and returned to his company.

“Another time, as our general was coasting along the country with two little pinnaces, three of the crafty villains enticed us to approach them. Once again our general, because he hoped to hear of his men, went toward them. At our coming near the shore whereon they were, we saw a number of them hiding behind great stones, and those three in sight striving by all means possible to entice some of us to land. Perceiving we made no haste by words or friendly signs, such as clapping of the hands, and being without weapons, and but three in sight, they tried other ways of persuading us. One laid flesh on the shore, which we took up with the boat-hook, as necessary victuals for the man, woman, and child whom we had captured, for as yet they could not digest our meat. Once again, to show more fully their crafty natures, and subtle tricks with the intention of entrapping some of our men, one of them pretended to be impotent and lame of his legs. He seemed to descend to the water-side with great difficulty, and to disguise his trickery the more, one of his companions came down with him, and in places where he seemed unable to pass, he took him on his shoulders, set him by the water-side, and departed from him, leaving him all

CANADA TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

alone, apparently thinking thereby to provoke some of us to come on shore.

“Our general having compassion of his impotency, determined (if it were possible) to cure him; so he ordered a soldier to shoot at him with his caliver, and the bullet just grazed his face. The deceitful villain at once fled, without any impediment at all, and ran back to his bows and arrows, and the rest came out of their lurking holes with their weapons, bows, arrows, slings and darts. Our general caused some calivers to be shot off at them, so that some being hurt, they might hereafter stand in more fear of us.

“This was all we could learn at this time of our men, or of our general’s letter. Their crafty dealing on these three occasions will plainly show that their disposition matched in other things. We judged that they used these stratagems to catch some of us, with the idea of delivering the man, woman, and child whom we had taken.

“They are men of large make and good proportion. Their colour is not much unlike the sunburnt countryman, who labours daily in the sun for his living.

“They wear their hair somewhat long, and cut before, either with stone or knife, very disorderly. Their women wear their hair long, and knit up with two loops, fastened on either side of their faces, and the rest into a knot. Also some of their women paint their chins, cheeks and foreheads, and the wrists of their hands, on which they lay a colour which becomes dark blue.

“They eat their meat all raw, both flesh, fish and fowl, or partly boiled with blood and a little water

THE ENGLISH ADVENTURERS

which they drink. For lack of water they will eat ice, as pleasantly as we do sugar-candy or other sugar.

“They keep certain dogs, not much unlike wolves, which they yoke together, as we do oxen and horses, to a sledge or trail, and so carry their necessities over the ice and snow from place to place. And when those dogs are not fit for this employment, or when they are constrained for lack of other victuals, they eat them ; so that they are as needful for them as our oxen are for us.

“They clothe themselves in the skins of such beasts as they kill, sewn together with the sinews of them. All the fowls which they kill, they skin, and make of them one kind of garment or other, to defend them from the cold.

“They make their garments with hoods and tails, and make a present of these tails in return for any friendship shown them : a great sign of friendship with them. Upon their legs they wear hose of leather, with the fur side inward. In those hose they put their knives, needles, and other things needful to carry about. They put a bone within their hose, which reaches from the foot to the knee, on which they draw their hose, and so they are kept from falling down about their feet.

“Those beasts, fishes and fowls which they kill, are their meat, drink, clothes, houses, bedding, hose, shoes, thread, and sails for their boats, with many other necessities of which they stand in need, and almost all their riches.

“Their houses are tents made of seal skins, stretched on with four fir poles foursquare, meeting at the

CANADA TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

top, and the skins sewed together with sinews, and laid thereon. They are so placed that the entrance into them is always south, or against the sun.

“They have other sorts of houses which we found not to be inhabited. These are raised with stones and whale bones, and a skin is laid over them, to withstand the rain, or other weather. The entrance of them is not much unlike an oven’s mouth. I think they resort to these for a time to fish, hunt, and fowl, and then leave them until the next time they come hither.

“Their weapons are bows, arrows, darts and slings. Their bows are of wood a yard long, sinewed at the back with strong sinews, not glued on, but tightly bound on. Their bowstrings are likewise sinews. Their arrows in length do not exceed half a yard, or little more. They are feathered with two feathers, the pen end being cut away, and the feathers laid upon the arrow with the broad side to the wood. They have also three sorts of heads to those arrows : one sort of stone or iron, shaped like a heart ; the second sort of bone, much like a flat head, with a hook on the same ; the third sort of bone, likewise made sharp at both sides, and sharp pointed.

“Their darts are made of two sorts : the one with many forks of bones in the fore end and likewise in the midst, and these they let fly from an instrument of wood, very skilfully. The other sort is larger than the first, with a long bone made sharp on both sides, not unlike a rapier, which I take to be their most hurtful weapon.

“They have two sorts of boats made of leather, set out on the inner side with quarters of wood,

THE ENGLISH ADVENTURERS

cunningly tied together with thongs of the same. The larger sort are not unlike our wherries, wherein sixteen or twenty men may sit ; they have for a sail the finely dressed skins of such beasts as they kill, which they sew together. The other boat is but for one man to sit and row in with one oar."

CHAPTER II

JACQUES CARTIER IN CANADA

IN the first half of the sixteenth century Spain and Portugal were enriching themselves with the spoils of the New World. England and France were compelled to look on while this division of the western hemisphere was taking place, as they had no hold upon America. The French king, Francis I, at last resolved to remedy this as far as his country was concerned, and in 1534 he sent out the famous Breton navigator, Jacques Cartier, on voyages of discovery to find a short passage to Cathay (China), and to win new glory and dominion for France by the founding and establishment of colonies.

Jacques Cartier was born at St. Malo, in Brittany, near the end of the fifteenth century. The day of his birth and the time and place of his death are not known. He was sprung from a race of sailors and was himself an experienced navigator, so that it would have been difficult to find a person better fitted to command the expedition of discovery. When preparations were completed he set sail on the first of the three voyages that he made to the continent of America between 1534 and 1542.

The first voyage lasted from April to September,

JACQUES CARTIER IN CANADA

1534. He made direct for Newfoundland, and, sailing through the Strait of Belle Isle, he entered Bay Chaleur and landed on the peninsula of Gaspé, south of the St. Lawrence. Here he erected a wooden cross, thirty feet high, supporting a shield on which were the fleurs-de-lis of France and an inscription claiming possession of the land. While he remained here he heard wonderful accounts of



COAST OF NEWFOUNDLAND (TO-DAY)

the St. Lawrence from the Indians whom he met. Two natives were seized and taken on board, and the homeward voyage was begun, the ships arriving safely at St. Malo on September 5.

“When Cartier returned to France, and reported the prospects open to him by the sea to the west of Newfoundland, he found the Court still ready to second his enterprise. A larger expedition was equipped next spring, consisting of three vessels, of 120, of 70, and of 40 tons. They were solemnly

CANADA TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

prepared for the expedition by confession, and, receiving the sacrament in the Church of St. Malo, they proceeded direct to Newfoundland, which they rounded by the same line as in the former voyage.

“On coming to the sea on the west, and proceeding to explore it, Cartier soon found himself in a broad gulf, to which he gave the name of St. Lawrence, which it has since retained. What he called so, however, was only the channel between the island of Anticosti and the opposite Labrador coast. On reaching its eastern cape he opened a communication with the natives, who informed him that this gulf gradually narrowed, till it terminated by receiving a large river coming from a vast and unexplored distance in the interior of a great continent. Two days' sail above this island was the river and territory of Saguenay, beyond which was Canada, having passed which, and ascended the river, he would come to Hochelaga, a populous territory, at the highest known point of the river.

“Thus instructed, Cartier sailed up the gulf, which gradually narrowed to a river, and here he found the channel divided by a long and populous island, the same afterward called Orleans, situated immediately below Quebec. He was waited upon by Donnaconna, the ruler of Canada, with about five hundred subjects, of all ages and sexes.

“Donnaconna began first a long harangue, or, as it is termed, a preaching, the terms of which were not at all understood, but it appeared to be of the most friendly import; the whole party then raised three tremendous howls, as another sign of welcome. Donnaconna crowned the whole by a very high and

JACQUES CARTIER IN CANADA

singular gift ; for having brought a boy and a girl, who, the French were informed, were his son and daughter, he made a long preaching, and bestowed them upon Cartier.

“As soon, however, as the French intimated their intention of proceeding upward to Hochelaga, every persuasion was employed to induce them to desist—the ice, the dangers of the navigation, the want of any object of interest. As Cartier persisted, one of the chiefs hinted that the prince and princess would never have been bestowed but under the understanding that he would not undertake this unwelcome journey ; but Cartier denied any such interpretation and insisted upon returning their Highnesses, if this condition were annexed to the donation of them. He was then assured that they had been a free gift ; but another expedient was now tried.

“Three men, painted black in the most frightful manner, with horns upon their heads, came out in a little boat, and rowed round the vessel, making various unintelligible gestures and orations. Donnaconna came out himself to expound this mystery. They were, it seems, messengers from the supreme god of the Indians, sent with the doleful tidings, that if the French attempted to go up to Hochelaga, they would all inevitably perish. Cartier, however, scoffed at this celestial interposition in his favour, after which no further attempts were made to detain him. He was obliged, however, from the diminishing depth, and the obstructions on the river, to betake himself first to his smallest vessel, and then to two boats.

“In the sailing upward, he was delighted with the aspect of the country, which appeared to him one of

CANADA TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

the finest he ever beheld. The banks were crowned with the noblest trees, among which were vines, standing as thick as if planted by human hands. The grapes, however, were neither so large nor so agreeable to the taste as in France, which might, he thought, be only from want of culture. On his



CARTIER

way he met with a great lord, who presented him with another princess, eight years old ; and who endeavoured also, but in vain, to terrify him with the dangers of going up to Hoche-laga.

“At length Cartier reached that long-sought-for term of his voyage. He found it, as measured by the Indian standard, a considerable town. It was built in a circular form, enclosed by a strong palisade of stakes crossing each other, and forming a series of pyramids. There were not above forty or fifty houses, but each was divided into a number of apartments, where separate families slept, while there was a common hall in the centre, where they took their meals, and spent the day in common. They had large stores of dried fish and grain, with melons, cucumbers and other fruits.

“They soon poured down to the number of about a thousand, and received the French with the usual welcome of preaching, dancing, and howling ; they even wept for joy at seeing the presents which their visitors drew forth. Cartier was then led to the largest house, in which resided the prince, an old, infirm man, scarcely distinguished by his dress from

JACQUES CARTIER IN CANADA

his subjects, only that he wore a cap composed of skins of animals that were esteemed of peculiar richness. He seemed, however, the object of singular veneration, since a number of sick were brought to receive the benefit of his touch.

“Cartier ascended the lofty hill behind Hochelaga, which he called Mount-real, a name which has since adhered to the place itself. To the north he saw numerous ranges of mountains, interspersed with fine plains capable of the highest cultivation. Beyond these, he was told, lay another great river, flowing also from the westward (the Ottawa). On looking up the St. Lawrence, it appeared broken by a high waterfall; but its broad and spacious channel was seen extending fifteen leagues higher, when it disappeared amid three circular mountains. The natives informed him, that in its upper course there were two other waterfalls, beyond which the river was navigable for the space of three moons.

“Cartier now returned down the river, and found his ships where he had left them; but the crews were soon assailed by a calamity of the most dreadful and unexpected nature. They were assailed with an unknown and terrible disease, caught, as they imagined, by infection from the natives, many of whom also laboured under it; but the symptoms mark it for the scurvy, a malady which has since rendered itself so fatally familiar to the European mariner. It went on continually spreading, till there were not three in all the ships that had wholly escaped it. The living had not strength to bury the dead; unable to dig graves in the frozen ground, they were obliged merely to lay them under the snow.

CANADA TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

“Cartier was greatly alarmed lest the natives, whose cordiality had by degrees abated, should discover the infirm state of his crew, and be tempted to seize both upon them and the ships. He used the most extraordinary efforts to conceal it from them. He pretended that he was carrying on great repairs in his vessel, and could receive no one on board ; but whenever any of the Indians came round the ship, all who could move were made to come on deck, and go busily backward and forward, the captain calling to those below that he would beat them heartily if they did not work harder. At the same time, such as could stir an arm had pieces of wood given to them, with which they made all the noise in their power.

“He did not neglect also such means as occurred as best fitted for obtaining a cure of the malady, but all his efforts proved of no avail. One day, however, he observed one of the natives, who, after being ill, had rapidly recovered his health. On earnest inquiry, a species of tree was pointed out (the white pine) a decoction of the leaves and bark of which was of sovereign virtue in this malady ; and, accordingly, by the use of it all those on board the ships were soon placed in a state of convalescence.

“The French commander now thought of returning home ; but before doing so, he hatched the nefarious scheme for smuggling on board Donnaconna, and conveying him to France. Poor Donnaconna was not very easily caught, and even took to his bed as an apology for not visiting the French. Various steps were taken to reassure him. One of the attendants having proposed that they should carry

JACQUES CARTIER IN CANADA

off a man who had given them some offence, it was answered that they did not wish to carry off anyone, except a few boys to learn the language.

“The suspicions of Donnaconna being thus lulled, he was tempted, on occasion of a splendid fête, when the French set up a brilliant cross, and hung out all their colours, to venture on board. Presently he was seized and confined in the cabin. The Indians at first took to flight and hid themselves in the forests ; but during the night they came round the ship, howling and lamenting in the most frightful manner over the fate of their lost prince. Next day they appeared again, and bitterly reproached the French for having killed him ; and on the fact being denied, asked then to be allowed to see him. Donnaconna was brought on deck and instructed to say that he was well treated, that he went willingly to see the King of France, from whom he expected a great present, and would return in ten or twelve moons.

“The people were satisfied, and raised three shouts of joy. The king, who seems really to have experienced good treatment, received various presents, which he distributed among them, while they, in return, brought a large store of provisions for his use during the voyage. Cartier now set sail, and arrived at St. Malo on July 6, 1536.”¹

He did not revisit Canada for five years. On this his third voyage he was to have sailed in company with Robertval, whom the King of France had nominated Viceroy of Canada and of the colonies

¹ From Hugh Murray's *Discoveries and Travels in North America*.

CANADA TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

to be established there, but as Robertval could not complete his arrangements in the time allotted, Cartier sailed alone, leaving his companion to follow him. He spent a year in Canada, during which time he built a fortified post at Cape Rouge, about seven miles west of the Heights of Quebec, which he named Charlesbourg, visited Hochelaga, and made



LACHINE RAPIDS

an attempt to proceed farther up the river, but found his way stopped by the dangerous rapids now known as the St. Louis or Lachine. In the spring of 1542 Cartier returned to France bearing with him a few specimens of worthless metal resembling gold and some pieces of quartz crystal which he believed were diamonds.

Cartier is said to have set out on a fourth voyage in search of Robertval, who returned to France in 1543, but no record exists of the expedition. Settlement in Canada now came to an end for many years, for it was nearly fifty years before the French again

JACQUES CARTIER IN CANADA

made any serious attempt to colonize the great St. Lawrence Valley.

The famous mariner passed away, proud in the possession of the title of "Captain," which he was permitted to retain to the last, about 1577. After three centuries and a half had elapsed, in the presence of a hundred thousand French-Canadians, an English Governor-General of Canada, a French Canadian Lieutenant-Governor and many ecclesiastical and civil dignitaries, a noble monument was unveiled in memory of Jacques Cartier and his noble band, the founders of a proud possession that his nation retained for more than two centuries

CHAPTER III

CHAMPLAIN AND QUEBEC

EARLY in the year 1604 De Monts set sail from France with a larger party of colonists than had before sought a new home in the lands of the West. They settled in the country now known as Nova Scotia, but which was then named Acadia, a region made famous for all time by Longfellow's poem *Evangeline*. Among the party was Samuel Champlain, the father of French colonization in Canada. De Monts sought to develop the resources of Acadia, but Champlain was attracted by the greater possibilities of Canada, as the basin of the St. Lawrence was then called. He was granted a monopoly of the Canadian fur-trade for a year and immediately embarked upon his scheme of colonization by the foundation of a strong settlement in the new and promising region.

“Five years before, he had explored the St. Lawrence as far as the rapids above Montreal. On its banks, as he thought, was the true site for a settlement—a fortified post whence, as from a secure basis, the waters of the vast interior might be traced back toward their sources, and a western route discovered to China and the East. For the fur-

CHAMPLAIN AND QUEBEC

trade, too, the innumerable streams that descended to the great river might all be closed against foreign intrusion by a single fort at some commanding point, and made tributary to a rich and permanent commerce ; while—and this was nearer to his heart, for he had often been heard to say that the saving of a soul was worth more than the conquest of an empire—countless savage tribes might by the same avenues be reached and redeemed.

“ De Monts embraced his views ; and, fitting out two ships, gave command of one to the elder Pontgravé, of the other to Champlain. The former was to trade with the Indians and bring back the cargo of furs which, it was hoped, would meet the expense of the voyage. To the latter fell the harder task of settlement and exploration.

“ Pontgravé, laden with goods for the Indian trade of Tadoussac, sailed from Honfleur on April 5, 1608. Champlain, with men, arms and stores for the colony, followed eight days later. On May 15, he was on the Grand Bank ; on the 30th he passed Gaspé, and on June 3, neared Tadoussac. No life was to be seen. Had Pontgravé arrived ? He anchored, lowered a boat, and rowed into the port, round the rocky point at the south-east, then, from the fury of its winds and currents, called *La Pointe de Tous les Diables*. There was life enough within, and more than he cared to find. In the still anchorage under the cliffs lay Pontgravé's vessel, and at her side another ship. The latter was a Basque fur-trader.

“ Pontgravé, arriving a few days before, had found himself anticipated by the Basques, who were busied in a brisk trade with the bands of Indians cabined

CANADA TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

along the borders of the cove. In all haste he displayed the royal letters, and commanded a cessation of the prohibited traffic ; but the Basques proved refractory, declared that they would trade in spite of the King, fired on Pontgravé with cannon and musketry, wounded him and two of his men, and



CHAMPLAIN

killed a third. They then boarded his vessel, and carried away all his cannon, small arms, and ammunition, saying that they would restore them when they had finished their trade and were ready to return home.

“Champlain found his comrade on shore, in a disabled condition. The

Basques, though still strong enough to make fight, were alarmed for the consequences of their procedure, and anxious to come to terms. A peace, therefore, was signed on board their vessel ; all differences were referred to the judgment of the French courts, harmony was restored, and the choleric strangers betook themselves to catching whales.

“This port of Tadoussac was long the centre of the Canadian fur-trade. A desolation of barren mountains closes around it, betwixt whose ribs of rugged granite, bristling with savins, birches, and firs, the Saguenay rolls its gloomy waters from the northern wilderness. Centuries of civilization have not tamed the wildness of the place ; and still, in

CHAMPLAIN AND QUEBEC

grim repose, the mountains hold their guard around the waveless lake that glistens in their shadow, and doubles in its sullen mirror, crag, precipice and forest.

“Near the brink of the cove or harbour where the vessels lay, and a little below the mouth of a brook which formed one of the outlets of this small lake, stood the remains of a wooden barrack built eight years before. Above the brook were the lodges of an Indian camp—stacks of poles covered with birch bark. They belonged to an Algonquin horde called Montagnais, denizens of surrounding wilds, and gatherers of their only harvest—skins of the moose, caribou and bear; fur of the beaver, marten, otter, fox, wild-cat, and lynx. Nor was this all, for they were intermediate traders betwixt the French and the shivering bands who roamed the weary stretch of stunted forest between the headwaters of the Saguenay and Hudson Bay. Indefatigable canoe-men, in their birchen vessels light as egg-shells, they threaded the devious tracks of countless rippling streams, shady by-ways of the forest, where the wild duck scarcely finds depth to swim; then descended to their mart along those scenes of picturesque yet dreary grandeur which steam has made familiar to modern tourists. With slowly moving paddles they glided beneath the cliff whose shaggy brows frown across the zenith, and whose base the deep waves wash with a hoarse and hollow cadence; and they passed the sepulchral Bay of the Trinity, dark as the tide of Acheron—a sanctuary of solitude and silence: where the soul of the wilderness dwells embodied in voiceless rock: depths which, as the

CANADA TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

fable runs, no sounding line can fathom, and heights at whose dizzy verge the wheeling eagle seems a speck.

“And now, peace being established with the Basques, and the wounded Pontgravé busied, as far as might be, in transferring to the hold of his ship the rich lading of the Indian canoes, Champlain spread his sails, and once more held his course up the St. Lawrence.

“Above the point of the Island of Orleans, a constriction of the vast channel narrows it to a mile ; on one hand, the green heights of Point Levi, on the other, the cliffs of Quebec. Here, a small stream, the St. Charles, enters the St. Lawrence, and in the angles betwixt them rises the promontory, on two sides a natural fortress, and among the walnut-trees that formed a belt between the cliffs and the St. Lawrence.

“A few weeks passed, and a pile of wooden buildings rose on the brink of the St. Lawrence, on or near the site of the market-place of the Lower Town of Quebec. The pencil of Champlain, always regardless of proportion and perspective, has preserved its semblance. A strong wooden wall, surmounted by a gallery loop-holed for musketry, enclosed three buildings, containing quarters for himself and his men, together with a courtyard, from one side of which rose a tall dovecot, like a belfry. A moat surrounded the whole, and two or three small cannon were planted on salient platforms toward the river. There was a large magazine near at hand, and a part of the adjacent ground was laid out as a garden.

“It was on September 18 that Pontgravé set sail, leaving Champlain with twenty-eight men to hold Quebec through the winter. Three weeks later,

CHAMPLAIN AND QUEBEC

and shores and hills glowed with gay prognostics of approaching desolation. It was a short-lived beauty. The forest dropped its festal robes. Shrivelled and faded, they rustled to the earth. The crystal air and laughing sun of October passed away, and November sank upon the shivering waste, chill and sombre as the tomb.

“ One would gladly know how the founders of Quebec spent the long hours of their first winter ; but on this point the only man among them, perhaps, who could write, has not thought it necessary to enlarge. He himself beguiled his leisure with trapping foxes, or hanging a dead dog from a tree and watching the hungry martens in their efforts to reach it. Towards the close of winter, all found abundant employment in nursing themselves or their neighbours, for the inevitable scurvy broke out with virulence. At the middle of May, only eight men of the twenty-eight were alive, and of these half were suffering from disease.

“ Great was the joy of Champlain when he saw a sailboat rounding the Point of Orleans, betokening that the spring had brought with it the longed-for succours. A son-in-law of Pontgravé, named Marais, was on board, and he reported that Pontgravé was then at Tadoussac, where he had lately arrived. Thither Champlain hastened, to take counsel with his comrade. His constitution, or his courage, had defied the scurvy.

They met, and it was determined betwixt them that, while Pontgravé remained in charge of Quebec, Champlain should enter at once on his long-meditated explorations, by which, like La Salle seventy

CANADA TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

years later, he had good hope of finding a way to China.”¹

For many years the history of French colonization



CHAMPLAIN MONUMENT, QUEBEC

is mainly a record of Champlain's life. De Monts left him in 1611, but he carried on his work and ruled wisely as Lieutenant-Governor of the

¹ From *Pioneers of France in the New World*, by Francis Parkman.

CHAMPLAIN AND QUEBEC

French possessions. At times he was faced with serious trouble from mutinous members of the settlement as well as from the Indians, particularly the Iroquois or Five nations. Champlain had the power of gaining the confidence of the native tribes, and his friends the Algonquins had furnished him with much valuable information regarding the country. By their assistance he was able to travel south along the Richelieu River and discover Lake Champlain and Lake George, and also to undertake a new work of exploration to the north of the St. Lawrence.

His friendship with the Algonquins compelled him to take part in the eternal bitter feud between them and the Iroquois, and as a result he was twice wounded and carried to Quebec a disabled man. Still undaunted by the difficulties of the task he struggled on bravely with his scheme of exploration and colonization. In 1627 the fortunes of New France were handed over to a company known as the Hundred Associates, which received complete control of the fur-trade and other industries. Champlain was made governor under the new scheme, but from the first misfortune overtook New France. In 1628 the first ships laden with stores for the emigrants were seized by Sir David Kirke, on the outbreak of war between France and England, and the following year Quebec was captured by the English, who held Canada until 1632, when it was restored to France. Champlain was reinstated as Governor of Canada and set himself seriously to the task of building up a colonial empire in North America. He had reached Quebec with fresh settlers and plentiful stores when he died on Christmas Day 1635.

CHAPTER IV

BORDER FEUDS BETWEEN ENGLISH AND FRENCH

IN 1672 Count de Frontenac was appointed Governor of Canada. He was an able and enterprising officer, and after Champlain, perhaps the most distinguished of French Canadian governors. The history of his rule is little more than an account of a succession of strifes, massacres and petty wars. The savage Indian tribes, especially the Iroquois, seemed untamable, and their fierce and continuous attacks upon the colonists cast a heavy shadow over the prospects of the "pale-faces."

La Salle on his way to explore the unknown West, acting under Frontenac's instructions, erected Fort Frontenac on the site of the present city of Kingston, to guard the entrance to the St. Lawrence against the Iroquois. At a point nine miles up the river from the city of Montreal La Salle founded a settlement which he called Lachine—"A la Chine"—because he believed the road to China lay by the St. Lawrence route. The explorer was treacherously slain by his companions in the wilds of Louisiana in 1687, and for two years the inhabitants of the little village waited and watched in vain for his return.

BORDER FEUDS

On a stormy night in August 1689 the people of the settlement were awakened by wild shouts, and believing that the long waited-for wanderers had returned, they sprang from their beds to welcome them. Alas, it was the Iroquois, and with tomahawk and torch they slew and scourged until day dawned on a black waste. The little village of Lachine was wiped from the face of the earth and its two hundred inhabitants shared the fate of La Salle its gallant founder. Count Frontenac took steps to punish the Iroquois for this cruel massacre, and the expedition that marched against them taught them a severe lesson that seemed to keep them quiet for many years.

Frontenac now began to perceive that the New England settlements were the real obstacle in the path of French schemes of colonization. At a conference held between the Mohawk Indians and the people of New England, the Indians declared, "We have burnt Montreal, we are allies of the English; we will keep the chain unbroken." Frontenac immediately set to work to enlist the services of as many natives as he could persuade to join him and organized attacks on three English settlements. The wretched inhabitants were given no warning of the approach of their enemies, who stole silently upon them over the snow while they slept and massacred the bulk of them in cold blood. Those whose lives were spared, mainly women and children, were exposed to hardships and cruelties worse than the terrors of death itself. Here is an account of the atrocity committed upon the prisoners taken at the Salmon Falls settlement

CANADA TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

“The prisoners were laden with the spoils from their own homes. Robert Rogers, rejecting his burden, was bound by the Indians to a tree, and dry leaves kindled around him, set in such heaps that they would burn him slowly. Mary Ferguson, a girl of fifteen, burst into tears from fatigue and was scalped forthwith. Mehetabel Goadwin lingered apart in the snow to lull her infant to sleep, lest its cries should awake the savages ; angry at her delay, her master struck the child against a tree and hung it among the branches. The infant of Mary Plaisted was thrown into the river, that, eased of her burden, she might walk faster.”

The New England colonists were now exasperated by the ferocity of the border feuds, and calling a congress, they resolved to set an expedition on foot immediately for the invasion of Canada.

“Levies of eight hundred men were ordered for the purpose, the contingents of the several states fixed, and general rules appointed for the organization of their army. A fast-sailing vessel was dispatched to England with strong representation of the defenceless state of the British colonies, and with an earnest appeal for aid in the projected invasion of New France ; they desired that ammunition and other warlike stores might be supplied to their militia for the attempt by land, and that a fleet of English frigates should be directed up the river St. Lawrence to co-operate with the colonial force.

“But at that time England was too much weakened by the unhealed wounds of domestic strife to afford any assistance to her American

BORDER FEUDS

children, and they were thrown altogether on their own resources.

“New York and New England boldly determined, unaided, to prosecute their original plans against Canada. General Winthrop, with eight hundred men, marched by the way of Lake Champlain, on the shores of which he was to have met five hundred of the Iroquois warriors; but, through some unaccountable jealousy, only a small portion of the politic savages came to the place of muster. Other disappointments also combined to paralyse the British force: the Indians had failed to provide more than half the number of canoes necessary for the transport of the troops across the lake, and the contractor of the army had imprudently neglected to supply sufficient provisions. No alternative remained for Winthrop but to fall back upon Albany for subsistence.

“The naval expedition against Quebec was assembled in Nantasket Road, near Boston, and consisted of thirty-five vessels of various sizes, the largest being a 44-gun frigate. Nearly two thousand troops were embarked in this squadron, and the chief command was confided by the people of New England to their distinguished countryman Sir William Phips, a man of humble birth, whose own genius and merit had won for him honour, power, and universal esteem. The direction of the fleet was given to Captain Gregory Sagers. The necessary preparations were not completed, and the fleet did not get under weigh till the season was far advanced; contrary winds caused a still further delay; however, several French posts on

CANADA TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

the shores of Newfoundland and of the Lower St. Lawrence were captured without opposition, and the British force arrived at Tadoussac on the Saguenay before authentic tidings of the approaching danger had reached Quebec.

“When the brave old Frontenac learned from his scouts that Winthrop’s corps had retreated, and that Canada was no longer threatened by an enemy from the landward side, he hastened to the post of honour at Quebec, while by his orders M. de Ramsey and M. de Callières assembled the hardy militia of Three Rivers and the adjoining settlements to reinforce him with all possible dispatch. The governor found that Major Provost, who commanded at Quebec before his arrival, had made vigorous preparations to receive the invaders ; it was only necessary, therefore, to continue the works and confirm the orders given by his worthy deputy. A party under the command of M. de Longueuil was sent down the river to observe the motions of the British, and if possible to prevent their landing. At the same time two canoes were dispatched by the shallow channel north of the Island of Orleans to seek for some ships with supplies, which were daily expected from France, and to warn them of the presence of the hostile fleet.

“The Count de Frontenac continued the preparations for defence with unwearied industry. The regular soldiers and militia were alike constantly employed upon the works, till in a short time Quebec was tolerably secure from the chances of a sudden assault. Lines of strong palisades, here and there armed with small batteries, were formed round the crown of the

BORDER FEUDS

lofty headland, and the gates of the city were barricaded with massive beams of timber and casks filled with earth. A number of cannon were mounted on advantageous positions, and a large windmill of solid masonry was fitted up as a cavalier.¹

“At daylight, on October 5, the white sails of the British fleet were seen rounding the headland of Point Levi, and crowding to the northern shore of the river, near the village of Beauport ; at about ten o'clock they dropped anchor, lowered their canvas, and swung round with the receding tide. There they remained inactive till the following morning. On the 6th Sir William Phips sent a haughty summons to the French chief, demanding an unconditional surrender in the name of King William of England, and concluding with this imperious sentence : ‘ Your answer positive in an hour, returned with your own trumpet with the return of mine, is required upon the peril that will ensue.’

“The British officer who bore the summons was led blindfold through the town and ushered into the presence of Count Frontenac in the council-room of the castle of Quebec. The bishop, the intendant, and all the principal officers of the Government surrounded the proud old noble. ‘ Read your message,’ said he. The Englishman read it, and when he had finished, laid his watch upon the table with these words : ‘ It is now ten ; I await your answer for one hour.’ The council started from their seats, surprised out of their dignity by a burst of sudden anger. The Count paused for a time ere he could restrain his rage sufficiently to speak,

¹ *i.e.* an elevated support for the artillery.

CANADA TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

and then replied, 'I do not acknowledge King William, and I well know that the Prince of Orange is an usurper, who has violated the most sacred rights of blood and religion . . . who wishes to persuade the nation that he is the saviour of England and the defender of the faith, though he has violated the laws and privileges of the kingdom, and overturned the Church of England : this conduct the Divine Justice, to which Phips appeals, will one day severely punish.'

"The British officer, unmoved by the storm of indignation which his message had aroused, desired that this fierce reply should be rendered to him in writing for the satisfaction of his chief. 'I will answer your master by the mouth of my cannon,' replied the angry Frenchman, 'that he may learn that a man of my rank is not to be summoned in this manner.' Thus ended the laconic conference.

"On the return of the messenger Sir William Phips called a council of war ; it was determined at once to attack the city. At noon, on the eighth, thirteen hundred men were embarked in the boats of the squadron, under the command of Major Walley, and landed without opposition at La Canardière, a little to the east of the river St. Charles. While the main body was being formed on the muddy shore, four companies pushed on towards the town in skirmishing order to clear the front ; they had scarcely begun the ascent of the sloping banks when a sharp fire was poured upon them by three hundred of the Canadian militia posted among the rocks and bushes on either flank, and in a small hamlet to the right. Some of the British winced under this unexpected volley, fired and fell back, but the

BORDER FEUDS

officers, with prompt resolution, gave the order to charge, and themselves gallantly led the way; the soldiers followed at a rapid pace, and speedily cleared the ground. Major Walley then advanced with his whole force to the St. Charles river, still, however, severely harassed by dropping shots from the active light troops of the French; there he bivouacked for the night, while the enemy retreated into the garrison.

“Towards evening of the same day the four largest vessels of Phips’s squadron moved boldly up the river, and anchored close against the town. They opened a spirited but ineffectual fire; their shot, directed principally against the lofty eminence of the Upper Town, fell almost harmless, while a vigorous cannonade from the numerous guns of the fortress replied with overwhelming power. When night interrupted the strife, the British ships had suffered severely, their rigging was torn by the hostile shot, and the crews had lost many of their best men. By the first light of morning, however, Phips renewed the action with pertinacious courage, but with no better success. About noon the contest became evidently hopeless to the stubborn assailants; they weighed anchor, and, with the receding tide, floated their crippled vessels down the stream beyond the reach of the enemy’s fire

“The British troops under Major Walley, although placed in battle array at daylight, remained inactive through some unaccountable delay, while the enemy’s attention was diverted by the combat with Phips’s squadron. At length, about noon, they moved upon the formidable stronghold along

CANADA TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

the left bank of the river St. Charles. Some allied savages plunged into the bush in front to clear the advance, a line of skirmishers protected either flank, and six field-pieces accompanied the march of



FRONTENAC

the main body. After having proceeded for some time without molestation, they were suddenly and fiercely assailed by two hundred Canadian volunteers under M. de Longueuil; the Indians were at once swept away, the skirmishers overpowered, and the British column itself was forced back by their gallant charge. Walley, however, drew up his reserve in some brushwood a little in the rear, and finally compelled the enemy to retreat. During this smart action M. de Frontenac, with three battalions, placed himself upon the opposite bank of the river, in support of the volunteers, but

showed no disposition to cross the stream. That night the English troops—harassed, depressed, diminished in numbers, and scantily supplied—again bivouacked upon the marshy banks of the stream; a severe frost, for which they were but ill prepared, chilled the weary limbs of the soldiers, and enhanced their sufferings.

BORDER FEUDS

“On the 10th, Walley once more advanced upon the French positions, in the hope of breaching their palisades by the fire of his field-pieces, but this attempt was altogether unsuccessful. His flanking parties fell into ambuscades, and were very severely handled, and his main body was checked and finally repulsed by a heavy fire from a fortified house on a commanding position which he had ventured to attack. Utterly dispirited by this failure, the British fell back in some confusion to the landing-place, yielding up in one hour what they had so hardly won. That night many of the soldiers strove to force their way into the boats, and order was with great difficulty restored; the next day they were harassed by a continual skirmish; had it not been for the gallant conduct of ‘Captain March, who had a good company and made the enemy give back,’ the confusion would probably have been irretrievable. When darkness put an end to the fire on both sides, the English troops received orders to embark in the boats, half a regiment at a time. But all order was soon lost, four times as many as the boats could sustain crowded down at once to the beach, rushed into the water and pressed on board. The sailors were even forced to throw some of these panic-stricken men into the river, lest all should sink together. The noise and confusion increased every moment, despite the utmost exertions of the officers, and daylight had already revealed the dangerous posture of affairs before the embarkation was completed. The guns were abandoned, with some valuable stores and ammunition. Had the French displayed, in following up their advantages, any

CANADA TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

portion of the energy and skill which had been so conspicuous in their successful defence, the British detachment must infallibly have been either captured or totally destroyed.

“Sir William Phips, having failed by sea and land, resolved to withdraw from the disastrous conflict. After several ineffectual attempts to recover the guns and stores which Major Walley had been forced to abandon, he weighed anchor and descended the St. Lawrence to a place about nine miles distant from Quebec, whence he sent to the Count de Frontenac to negotiate for an exchange of prisoners. Humbled and disappointed, damaged in fortune and reputation, the English chief sailed from the scene of his defeat ; but misfortune had not yet ceased to follow him, for he left the shattered wrecks of no less than nine of his ships among the dangerous shoals of the St. Lawrence.

“Great indeed was the joy and triumph of the French when the British fleet disappeared from the beautiful basin of Quebec. With a proud heart the gallant old Count de Frontenac penned the dispatch which told his royal master of the victory. He failed not to dwell upon the distinguished merit of the colonial militia, by whose loyalty and courage the arms of France had been crowned with success. In grateful memory of this brave defence the French king caused a medal to be struck. In the lower town a church was built by the inhabitants to celebrate their deliverance from the British invaders, and dedicated to ‘Notre Dame de la Victoire.’ ”¹

¹ From *The Conquest of Canada*, by G. Warburton.

CHAPTER V

THE HEIGHTS OF ABRAHAM

THE Treaty of Ryswick in 1697 brought the struggle with Count Frontenac to an end, and the possessions seized on both sides were restored. The colonists were not long to enjoy peace, however. The French gradually extended their dominion, and established a line of forts to the westward, and the position of the New England colonists was greatly strengthened by the Treaty of Utrecht, 1713, which granted Acadia, Hudson Bay and Newfoundland to England. The struggle for dominion between the rival nations now became still keener. The French carried all before them in the early stages of the Seven Years War (1756-1763) and the colonists of Virginia, dismayed by the disasters that had befallen British arms, sent an urgent appeal for help to the Mother Country.

General Braddock was sent to their assistance without delay, but on his way to attack a fort on the Ohio, built by the English but captured by the French and renamed Duquesne, after one of their generals, he was surprised by an army of French and Indians and completely routed. Braddock fell mortally wounded, after having five horses shot under

CANADA TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

him. "Who would have thought it?" were his last words, "we shall know better how to deal with them another time."

The defeat of Braddock drew England's attention to the importance of the conflict, and the English temper rapidly became warlike. William Pitt, afterward Earl of Chatham, was placed in office from which the jealousy of the King had excluded him. His declaration that he, and he alone, could save the country was accepted by the people, and his enthusiasm at once fired his countrymen with new courage and confidence, and made him one of the most inspiring figures in the history of British expansion. The incapable commander-in-chief, the Earl of Loudon, was recalled and General Amherst, Admiral Boscawen, and General Wolfe, men selected for merit alone, were chosen to carry on the fight.

Pitt carefully studied the Canadian question and drew up a full plan of campaign. He saw that there were three roads by which attack might be made upon the French position, and determined to attack them along the three routes at once. Admiral Boscawen and General Amherst were to proceed along the St. Lawrence, capture Louisburg and advance on Quebec. General Abercrombie was instructed to advance by the Hudson Valley north from New York, the chief points of attack being the French fortresses of Ticonderoga and Crown Point. And an expedition under General Forbes set out along the Ohio Valley which was defended by Fort Duquesne.

Louisburg and Duquesne were captured, but the attack on Ticonderoga failed and Abercrombie retired completely baffled. A new plan of campaign was

THE HEIGHTS OF ABRAHAM

now decided upon. Wolfe was to sail up the St. Lawrence and attack Quebec with the assistance of General Amherst, who was to capture Ticonderoga and Crown Point on the way, and of Generals Grideaux and Johnson who were to attack Fort Niagara and then proceed down the river to join Wolfe. The attacks on the three French fortresses were successful.



QUEBEC FROM LEVIS

From here Wolfe shelled the town

but opposition from the enemy and difficulties of transport prevented the victorious generals from joining Wolfe for the attack on Quebec as arranged.

Wolfe arrived on the St. Lawrence in June, and immediately took up his position at Point Levis, opposite Quebec. As the months passed without any sign of the arrival of reinforcements, the gallant general saw that he must either attack the stronghold with the troops at his disposal or retreat before winter

CANADA TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

set in. Earlier in the siege, the English ships moved up the river past the batteries and attempted to effect a landing ; Wolfe led in person, but owing to the nature of the ground and the impetuosity of the English troops, the attack was repulsed.

The advantage of numbers and position was with Montcalm, the French commander, for his forces outnumbered the English, and an attack upon the citadel of Quebec was well-nigh hopeless. The suggestion of retreat was impossible to a man of Wolfe's indomitable spirit ; he therefore determined to make his bold attack upon the French position from the rocky cliffs above the river.

“ It was while lying helpless in the chamber of a Canadian house, where he had fixed his headquarters, that Wolfe embraced the plan of that heroic enterprise which robbed him of life, and gave him immortal fame.

“ The plan had been first proposed during the height of Wolfe's illness, at a council of his subordinate generals. It was resolved to divide the little army, and while one portion remained before Quebec to alarm the enemy by false attacks, and distract their attention from the scene of actual operation, the other was to pass above the town, land under cover of darkness on the northern shore, climb the guarded heights, gain the plains above, and force Montcalm to quit his vantage-ground, and perhaps offer battle. The scheme was daring even to rashness ; but its singular audacity was the secret of its success.

“ Early in September, a crowd of ships and transports under Admiral Holmes, passed the city amidst the hot firing of its batteries ; whilst the troops

THE HEIGHTS OF ABRAHAM

designed for the expedition, amounting to scarcely five thousand, marched upward along the southern bank, beyond reach of the cannonade. All were then embarked ; and on the evening of the twelfth, Holmes' fleet, with the troops on board, lay safe at anchor in the river, several leagues above the town. These operations had not failed to awaken the suspicions of Montcalm ; and he had detached M. Bougainville to watch the movements of the English, and prevent their landing on the northern shore.

“ The eventful night of the twelfth was clear and calm, with no light but that of the stars. Within two hours before daybreak, thirty boats, crowded with sixteen hundred soldiers, cast off from the vessels, and floated downward, in perfect order, with the current of the ebb tide. To the boundless joy of the army, Wolfe's malady had abated, and he was able to command in person. His ruined health, the gloomy prospects of the siege, and the disaster at Montmorenci, had oppressed him with the deepest melancholy, but never impaired for a moment the promptness of his decisions, or the impetuous energy of his action.

“ He sat in the stern of one of the boats, pale and weak, but borne up to a calm height of resolution. Every order had been given, every arrangement made, and it only remained to face the issue. The ebbing tide sufficed to bear the boats along, and nothing broke the silence of the night but the gurgling of the river, and the low voice of Wolfe as he repeated to the officers about him the stanzas of Gray's *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*, which had recently appeared, and which he had just received from

CANADA TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

England. Perhaps, as he uttered those strangely appropriate words,

The paths of glory lead but to the grave,

the shadows of his own approaching fate stole with mournful prophecy across his mind. ‘Gentlemen,’ he said, as he closed his recital, ‘I would rather have written those lines than take Quebec to-morrow.’

“As they approached the landing-place, the boats edged closer in toward the northern shore, and the woody precipices rose high on their left, like a wall of undistinguished blackness. ‘*Qui vive ?*’ shouted a French sentinel, from out the impervious gloom.

“‘*La France !*’ answered a captain of Fraser’s Highlanders, from the foremost boat.

“‘*A quel regiment ?*’ demanded the soldier.

“‘*De la reine !*’ promptly replied the Highland captain, who chanced to know that the corps so designated formed part of Bougainville’s command. As boats were frequently passing down the river with supplies for the garrison, and as a convoy from Bougainville was expected that very night, the sentinel was deceived, and allowed the English to proceed.

A few moments after they were challenged again, and this time they could discern the soldier running close down to the water’s edge, as if all his suspicions were aroused ; but the skilful replies of the Highlander once more saved the party from discovery.

They reached the landing-place in safety—an indentation in the shore, about a league above the city and now bearing the name of Wolfe’s Cove. Here a narrow path led up to the face of the heights, and

THE HEIGHTS OF ABRAHAM

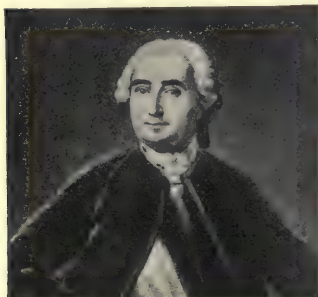
a French guard was posted at the top to defend the pass. By the force of the current the foremost boats, including that which carried Wolfe himself, were borne a little below the spot. The general was one of the first on shore. He looked upward at the rugged heights which towered above him in the gloom. 'You can try it,' he coolly observed to an officer near him; 'but I don't think you'll get up.'

"At the point where the Highlanders landed, one of their captains, Donald Macdonald, apparently the same whose presence of mind had just saved the enterprise from ruin, was climbing in advance of his men, when he was challenged by a sentinel. He replied in French, by declaring that he had been sent to relieve the guard, and ordering the soldier to withdraw. Before the latter was undeceived, a crowd of Highlanders were close at hand, while the steeps below were thronged with eager climbers, dragging themselves up by trees, roots and bushes. The guard turned out, and made a brief though brave resistance. In a moment they were cut to pieces, dispersed, or made prisoners; while men after men came swarming up the height, and quickly formed upon the plains above. Meanwhile, the vessels had dropped downward with the current, and anchored opposite the landing-place. The remaining troops were disembarked, and with the dawn of day, the whole were brought in safety to the shore.

"The sun rose, and from the ramparts of Quebec, the astonished people saw the Plains of Abraham glittering with arms, and the dark red lines of the

CANADA TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

English forming in array of battle. Breathless messengers had borne the evil tidings to Montcalm, and far and near his wide extended camp resounded with the rolling of alarm drums and the din of startled preparation. He, too, had had his struggles and his sorrows. The civil power had thwarted him ; famine,



MONTCALM

discontent, and disaffection were rife among his soldiers ; and no small portion of the Canadian militia had dispersed from sheer starvation. In spite of all, he had trusted to hold out till the winter frosts should drive the invaders from before the town ; when, on that disastrous morning, the news

of their successful temerity fell like a cannon shot upon his ear. Still he assumed a tone of confidence. ‘ They have got to the weak side of us at last,’ he is reported to have said, ‘ and we must crush them with our numbers.’

“ With headlong haste, his troops were pouring over the bridge of the St. Charles, and gathering in heavy masses under the western ramparts of the town. Could numbers give assurance of success, their triumph would have been secure ; for five French battalions and the armed Colonial peasantry amounted in all to more than seven thousand five hundred men.

“ Full in sight before them stretched the long thin lines of the British forces—the half-wild Highlanders,

THE HEIGHTS OF ABRAHAM

the steady soldiery of England, and the hardy levies of the provinces—less than five thousand in number, but all inured to battle, and strong in the full assurance of success. Yet, could the chiefs of that gallant army have pierced the secrets of the future, could they have foreseen that the victory which they burned to achieve would have robbed England of her proudest boast, that the conquest of Canada would pave the way for the independence of America, their swords would have dropped from their hands, and the heroic fire have gone out within their hearts !

“ It was nine o’clock, and the adverse armies stood motionless, each gazing on the other. The clouds hung low, and at intervals, warm light showers descended, besprinkling both alike. The coppice and cornfields in front of the British troops were filled with French sharp-shooters, who kept up a distant, spattering fire. Here and there a soldier fell in the ranks, and the gap was filled in silence.

At a little before ten, the British could see that Montcalm was preparing to advance, and, in a few moments, all his troops appeared in rapid motion. They came on in three divisions, shouting after the manner of their nation, and firing heavily as soon as they came within range. In the British ranks, not a trigger was pulled, not a soldier stirred ; and their ominous composure seemed to damp the spirits of the assailants.

“ It was not till the French were within forty yards that the fatal word was given. At once, from end to end of the British line, the muskets rose to the level, as if with the sway of some great machine, and the whole blazed forth at once in one crashing explosion.



THE DEATH OF GENERAL WOLFE
Benjamin West, P.R.A.

Photo Mansell & Co.

THE HEIGHTS OF ABRAHAM

Like a ship at full career, arrested with sudden ruin on a sunken rock, the columns of Montcalm staggered, shivered and broke before that wasting storm of lead. The smoke, rolling along the field, for a moment shut out the view ; but when the white wreaths were scattered on the wind, a wretched spectacle was disclosed ; men and officers tumbled in heaps, columns resolved into a mob, order and obedience gone ; and when the British muskets were levelled for a second volley, the masses were seen to cower and shrink with uncontrollable panic.

“For a few minutes, the French regulars stood their ground, returning a sharp and not ineffectual fire. But now, echoing cheer on cheer, redoubling volley on volley, trampling the dying and the dead, and driving the fugitives in crowds, the British troops advanced and swept the field before them. The ardour of the men burst all restraint. They broke into a run, and with unsparing slaughter chased the flying multitude to the very gates of Quebec. Foremost of all, the light-footed Highlanders dashed along in furious pursuit, hewing down the Frenchmen with their broadswords, and slaying many in the very ditch of the fortifications. Never was victory more quick or decisive. Yet the triumph of the victors was mingled with sadness as the tidings went from rank to rank that Wolfe had fallen !

“In the heat of the action, as he advanced at the head of the Grenadiers of Louisburg, a bullet shattered his wrist ; but he wrapped his handkerchief about the wound and showed no sign of pain. A moment more, and a ball pierced his side. Still he pressed forward, waving his sword and cheering his soldiers

CANADA TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

to the attack, when a third shot lodged deep within his breast. He paused, reeled, and staggering to one side, fell to the earth.

“Brown, a lieutenant of the Grenadiers, Henderson, a volunteer, an officer of artillery, and a private soldier raised him together in their arms, and bearing him to the rear, laid him softly on the grass. They asked if he would have a surgeon; but he shook his head, and answered that all was over with him. His eyes closed with the torpor of approaching death, and those around sustained his fainting form. Yet they could not withhold their gaze from the wild turmoil before them, and the charging ranks of their companions rushing through fire and smoke

“‘See how they run!’ one of the officers exclaimed, as the French fled in confusion before the levelled bayonets.

“‘Who run?’ demanded Wolfe, opening his eyes like a man aroused from sleep.

“‘The enemy, sir,’ was the reply; ‘they give way everywhere.’

“‘Then,’ said the dying general, ‘tell Colonel Burton to march Webb’s regiment down to Charles River, to cut off their retreat from the bridge. Now, God be praised, I will die in peace!’ he murmured; and turning on his side, he calmly breathed his last.

“Almost at the same moment fell his great adversary, Montcalm, as he strove, with useless bravery, to rally his shattered ranks. Struck down with a mortal wound, he was placed upon a litter and borne to the General Hospital on the banks of the St. Charles. The surgeons told him that he could not recover. ‘I am glad of it,’ was his calm reply.

THE HEIGHTS OF ABRAHAM

He then asked how long he might survive, and was told that he had not many hours remaining.



MONTCALM'S MONUMENT

‘So much the better,’ he said; ‘I am happy that I shall not live to see the surrender of Quebec.’

“He died before midnight, and was buried at his own desire in a cavity of the earth formed by the bursting of a bombshell.”¹

¹ From *The Conspiracy of Pontiac*, by Francis Parkman.

CHAPTER VI

ADVENTURES AMONG THE INDIANS

AFTER the two provinces of Canada were finally handed over to Great Britain in 1763, many pioneers set out to explore the vast territories of the north-west, using Montreal as a base. Ultimately the pioneers, who were on the friendliest terms with the French and Canadians, joined together in 1784 to form the North-west Trading Company. The new company was a keen rival of the Hudson Bay Trading Company, and the bitterest enmity existed between them until they were amalgamated in 1821. The greatest of these pioneer-traders was Carver (1766), Currie (1770), Finlay (1771) and Alexander Henry the Elder who had some exciting experiences amongst the Indian tribes.

Coming to Quebec in 1760, Henry was soon filled with a desire to explore Central Canada, and he set out before the struggle that placed Canada under British rule had finally died down. He found that the hostility of the Indians was exclusively against the English. Between them and the Canadians there seemed to be the most cordial goodwill. Henry therefore determined to adopt the dress usually worn by such of the Canadians as pursued the trade into

AMONG THE INDIANS

which he had entered, and made an effort to assimilate himself as far as possible to their appearance and manners. He had the satisfaction of finding that the adoption of this disguise enabled him to pass several canoes without attracting the smallest notice. When he reached Fort Michili-makinak, situated in the narrow strait between Lakes Huron and Michigan, he received a visit from the Indians.

“At two o’clock in the afternoon,” he writes in his journal, “the Chipeways came to my house, about sixty in number, and headed by Minaváváná, their chief. They walked in single file, each with his tomahawk in one hand and scalping knife in the other. Their bodies were naked from the waist upward, except in a few examples, where blankets were thrown loosely over the shoulders. Their faces were painted with charcoal worked up with grease : their bodies, with white clay, in patterns of various fancies. Some had feathers thrust through their noses and their heads decorated with the same.

“The chief entered first, and the rest followed without noise. On receiving a sign from the former, the latter seated themselves on the floor. Minaváváná began a long speech.

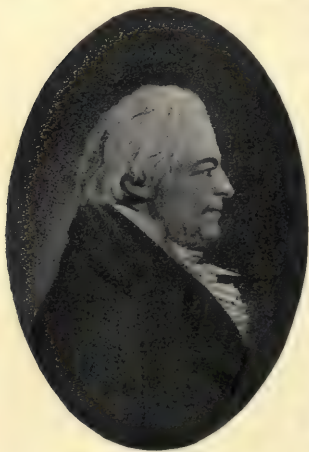
“‘Englishman, it is to you that I speak, and I demand your attention !

“‘Englishman, although you have conquered the French, you have not yet conquered us ! We are not your slaves. These lakes, these woods and mountains, were left to us by our ancestors. They are our inheritance, and we will part with them to none. Your nation supposes that we, like the white people, cannot live without bread—and pork—and

CANADA TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

beef ! But, you ought to know, that He, the Great Spirit and Master of Life, has provided food for us in these spacious lakes, and on these woody mountains.

“ ‘ Englishman, our father, the King of France, employed our young men to make war upon your



ALEXANDER HENRY

nation. In this warfare many of them have been killed, and it is our custom to retaliate until such time as the spirits of the slain are satisfied. But the spirits of the slain are to be satisfied in either of two ways. The first is by the spilling of the blood of the nation by which they fell ; the other by covering the bodies of the dead, and thus allaying the resentment of their relations. This is done by making presents.

“ ‘ Englishman, your king has never sent us any presents, nor entered into any treaty with us, wherefore he and we are still at war ; and, until he does these things, we must consider that we have no other father, nor friend, among the white men, than the King of France ; but, for you, we have taken into consideration, that you have ventured your life among us in the expectation that we should not molest you. You do not come armed with an intention to make war ; you come in peace to trade with us, and supply us with necessaries, of which we are in want. We shall regard you, therefore, as a brother,

AMONG THE INDIANS

and you may sleep tranquilly, without fear of the Chipeways. . . . As a token of our friendship, we present you with this pipe to smoke.' ”

After labouring for some time at the manufacture of maple sugar from the maple tree, Henry returned to Fort Michili-makinak in 1763. While he remained at the fort Henry met an Ojibwa chief named Wáwátam, who, taking a fancy to him, begged that he might become his brother. A short time afterward the Indians made a surprise attack upon the British settlers and were soon in possession of the fort. Henry avoided capture by hiding himself under a pile of birch-bark, but when a further search was made the following day, thinking his hour had come, he marched boldly before the Indians as they entered the room. The chief seized him and drew his great knife, but after hesitating for a moment he released his hold, declaring that as he had lost a brother in the warfare with the English he would adopt Henry in his place. The next day, however, he was placed with the other English prisoners to await his doom. Then Wáwátam came boldly forward and pleaded hard that the Englishman's life might be spared, at the same time laying down a large portion of his possessions as the price of his ransom. After much consultation Henry's life was spared, the chief at the same time advising that he should adopt the dress of the Indians to secure him from further harm at the hands of the natives.

“I could not but consent to the proposal,” he writes, “and the chief was so kind as to assist my friend and his family in effecting that very day the desired metamorphosis. My hair was cut off, and

CANADA TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

my head shaved, with the exception of a spot on the crown, of about twice the diameter of a crown piece. My face was painted with three or four different colours ; some parts of it red, and others black. A shirt was provided for me, painted with vermilion, mixed with grease. A large collar of wampum was put round my neck, and another suspended on my breast. Both my arms were decorated with large bands of silver above the elbow, besides several smaller ones on the wrists ; and my legs were covered with mitasses, a kind of hose, made, as is the favourite fashion, of scarlet cloth. Over all I was to wear a scarlet blanket or mantle, and on my head a huge bunch of feathers. I parted, not without some regret, with the long hair which was natural to it, and which I fancied to be ornamental ; but the ladies of the family, and of the village in general, appeared to think my person improved, and now condescended to call me handsome, even among Indians."

He lived with them for nearly a year, during which time he had many strange experiences and learned a great deal about their habits of life. "To kill beaver," the journal continues, "we used to go several miles up the rivers, before the approach of night, and after the dusk came on, suffer the canoe to drift gently down the current, without noise. The beavers, in this part of the evening, came abroad to procure food, or materials for repairing their habitations, and as they are not alarmed by the canoe, they often pass it within gunshot.

"On entering the River Aux Sables, Wáwátam took a dog, tied its feet together, and threw it into

AMONG THE INDIANS

the stream, uttering, at the same time, a long prayer which he addressed to the Great Spirit, supplicating his blessing on the chase, and his aid in the support



BEAVER

of the family, through the dangers of a long winter. Our 'lodge' was fifteen miles above the mouth of the stream. The principal animals, which the country afforded, were red deer (wapiti), the common American deer, the bear, the racoon, beaver, and marten.

CANADA TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

“The beaver feeds in preference on young wood of the birch, aspen and poplar tree ; but, in defect of these, on any other tree, those of the pine and fir kinds excepted. These latter it employs only for building its dams and its houses. In wide meadows, where no wood is to be found, it resorts, for all its purposes, to the roots of the rush and water lily. It consumes great quantities of food, whether of roots or wood ; and hence often reduces itself to the necessity of removing into a new quarter. Its house has an arched dome-like roof, of an elliptical figure, and rises from three to four feet above the surface of the water. It is always entirely surrounded by water ; but, in the banks adjacent, the animal provides holes or washes, of which the entrance is below the surface, and to which it retreats on the first alarm.

“The female beaver usually produces two young at a time, but not infrequently more. During the first year, the young remain with their parents. In the second, they occupy an adjoining apartment, and assist in building and procuring food. At two years old they part, and build houses of their own ; but often rove about for a considerable time before they fix upon a spot. There are beavers, called by the Indians, old bachelors, who live by themselves, build no houses, and work at no dams, but shelter themselves in holes. The usual method of taking these is by traps, formed of iron, or logs, and baited with branches of poplar.

“According to the Indians, the beaver is much given to jealousy. If a strange male approaches the cabin, a battle immediately ensues. Of this the female remains an unconcerned spectator, careless

AMONG THE INDIANS

as to which party the law of conquest may assign her. The Indians add that the male is as constant as he is jealous, never attaching himself to more than one female.

“The most common way of taking the beaver is that of breaking up its house, which is done with trenching tools, during the winter, when the ice is strong enough to allow of approaching them; and when, also, the fur is in its most valuable state.

“Breaking up the house, however, is only a preparatory step. During this operation, the family make their escape to one or more of their washes. These are to be discovered by striking the ice along the bank, and where the holes are, a hollow sound is returned. After discovering and searching many of these in vain, we often heard the whole family together in the same wash. I was taught occasionally to distinguish a full wash from an empty one, by the motion of the water above its entrance, occasioned by the breathing of the animals concealed in it. From the washes, they must be taken out with the hands; and in doing this, the hunter sometimes receives severe wounds from their teeth. Whilst I was a hunter with the Indians, I thought beaver flesh was very good; but after that of the ox was again within my reach, I could not relish it. The tail is accounted a luxurious morsel.”

On one occasion he discovered a bear concealed in a hollow tree, to which it had gained an entrance by means of a hole high above the ground. Without delay they set to work to fell the tree. When this had been accomplished a large bear crawled out, and Henry promptly shot it before it could escape.

CANADA TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

“The bear being dead,” he writes, “all my assistants approached, and all, but more particularly my old mother (as I was wont to call her), took the bear’s head in their hands, stroking and kissing it several times ; begging a thousand pardons for taking away her life ; calling her their relation and grandmother ; and requesting her not to lay the fault upon them, since it was truly an Englishman that had put her to death.

“This ceremony was not of long duration ; and if it was that I killed their grandmother, they were not themselves behindhand in what remained to be performed. The skin being taken off, we found the fat in several places six inches deep. This, being divided into two parts, loaded two persons ; and the flesh parts were as much as four persons could carry. In all, the carcass must have exceeded five hundredweight.

“As soon as we reached the lodge, the bear’s head was adorned with all the trinkets in the possession of the family, such as silver armbands and wristbands, and belts of wampum ; and then laid upon a scaffold, set up for its reception, within the lodge. Near the nose was placed a large quantity of tobacco.

“The next morning no sooner appeared, than preparations were made for a feast to the manes. The lodge was cleaned and swept ; and the head of the bear lifted up, and a new Stroud blanket which had never been used before, spread under it. The pipes were now lit ; and Wáwátam blew tobacco smoke into the nostrils of the bear, telling me to do the same, and thus appease the anger of the bear, on account of my having killed her.



TRAPPERS WITH DOG-SLEIGHS

CANADA TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

“At length, the feast being ready, Wáwátam commenced a speech, resembling, in many things, his address to the manes of his relations and departed companions ; but, having this peculiarity, that he here deplored the necessity under which men laboured, thus to destroy their *friends*. He represented, however, that the misfortune was unavoidable, since without doing so, they could by no means subsist. The speech ended, we all ate heartily of the bear’s flesh ; and even the head itself, after remaining three days on the scaffold, was put into the kettle. The fat of our bear was melted down, and the oil filled six porcupine-skin bags. A part of the meat was cut into strips, and fire-dried, after which it was put into the vessels containing the oil, where it remained in perfect preservation, until the middle of summer.”

After many further adventures and many narrow escapes from death at the hands of the warlike Ojibwas, Henry joined Sir William Johnston who was endeavouring to pacify the Indian tribes. His knowledge of the Indians led to his being given the command of a body of Indian allies that accompanied General Bradstreet’s expedition to the relief of Detroit, the siege of which is described in another chapter. His adventurous career came at length to an end in 1776, and after making three visits to England he finally settled as a merchant in Montreal, where he died in 1824

CHAPTER VII

THE INDIAN WAR

AFTER the capitulation of Quebec, the French tried all they knew to turn the tables on their victorious opponents. The attempt to recapture Quebec was a miserable failure and the French were obliged to retreat before the British troops to Montreal. Here the British and Canadian forces concentrated and Vaudreuil, the French commander, was forced to sign the capitulation that severed Canada from France for ever. Peace was signed at Paris on February 10, 1763, when the French king ceded "to his Britannic Majesty, in full right, Canada with all its dependencies, as well as the island of Cape Breton, and all the other islands and coasts in the Gulf and River St. Lawrence." French Canadians soon recognized the fact that they were going to be more secure and happy under the impartial administration of their new masters than they had been during the long years of war, and reconciling themselves to the change they became loyal, peace-loving subjects of the British crown. The Indian natives by no means shared the feelings of their French allies, and finding themselves neglected and even slighted by the English, soon gave indications of their disaffection.

CANADA TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

“The country was scarcely transferred to the English when smothered murmurs of discontent began to be audible among the Indian tribes. From the head of the Potomac to Lake Superior, and from the Alleghanies to the Mississippi, in every wigwam and hamlet in the forest, a deep-rooted hatred of the English increased with rapid growth. Nor is this to be wondered at. The French had laboured to ingratiate themselves with the Indians ; and the slaughter of the Monongahela, with the horrible devastation of the western frontier, the outrages perpetrated at Oswego, and the massacre at Fort William Henry, bore witness to the success of their efforts.

Even the Delawares and Shawanoes, the faithful allies of William Penn, had at length been seduced by their blandishments ; and the Iroquois, the ancient enemies of Canada, had half forgotten their former hostility, and well-nigh taken part against the British colonists. The remote nations of the West had also joined in the war, descending in their canoes for hundreds of miles, to fight against the enemies of France.

“Under these circumstances, it behoved the English to use the utmost care in their conduct towards the tribes. But even when the conflict with France was impending, and the alliance with the Indians of the last importance, they had treated them with indifference and neglect. They were not likely to adopt a different course now that their friendship seemed a matter of no consequence. In truth, the intentions of the English were soon apparent. In the zeal for retrenchment, which prevailed after the close of hostilities, the presents which it had always been

THE INDIAN WAR

customary to give the Indians, at stated intervals, were either withheld altogether, or doled out with a niggardly and reluctant hand ; while to make the matter worse, the agents and officers of government often appropriated the presents to themselves, and afterwards sold them at an exorbitant price to the Indians.

“ The English fur-trade had never been well regulated, and it was now in a worse condition than ever. Many of the traders, and those in their employ, were ruffians of the coarsest stamp, who vied with each other in rapacity, violence, and profligacy. They cheated, cursed, and plundered the Indians ; offering, when compared with the French traders, who were under better regulation, a most unfavourable example of the character of their nation.

“ But what most contributed to the growing discontent of the tribes was the intrusion of settlers upon their lands, at all times a fruitful source of Indian hostility. Its effects, it is true, could only be felt by those whose country bordered upon the English settlements ; but among these were the most powerful and influential of the tribes. Their best lands had been invaded, and all remonstrance had been fruitless. They viewed with wrath and fear the steady progress of the white man, whose settlements had passed the Susquehanna, and were fast extending to the Alleghanies, eating away the forest like a spreading canker.

“ The discontent of the Indians gave great satisfaction to the French. Canada, it is true, was gone beyond hope of recovery ; but they still might hope to revenge its loss. Interest, moreover, as well

CANADA TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

as passion, prompted them to inflame the resentment of the Indians; for most of the inhabitants of the French settlements upon the lakes and the Mississippi were engaged in the fur-trade, and, fearing the English as formidable rivals, they would gladly have seen them driven out of the country. Traders, *habitants*, *coureurs des bois*,¹ and all other classes of this singular population, accordingly dispersed themselves among the villages of the Indians, or held councils with them in the secret places of the woods, urging them to take up arms against the English. They exhibited the conduct of the latter in its worst light, and spared neither misrepresentation nor falsehood. The French declared, in addition, that the King of France had of late years fallen asleep; that, during his slumbers, the English had seized upon Canada; but that he was now awake again, and that his armies were advancing up the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi, to drive out the intruders from the country of their red children.

“It is difficult to determine which tribe was first to raise the cry of war. There were many who might have done so, for all the savages in the backwoods were ripe for an outbreak, and the movement seemed almost simultaneous. The Delawares and Senecas were the most incensed, and Kiashuta, chief of the latter, was perhaps foremost to apply the torch; but, if this were the case, he touched fire to materials already on the point of igniting. It belonged to a greater chief than he to give method and order to what would else have been a wild burst

¹ Woodmen and hunters.

THE INDIAN WAR

of fury, and to convert desultory attacks into a formidable and protracted war. But for Pontiac, the whole might have ended in a few troublesome inroads upon the frontier, and a little whooping and yelling under the walls of Fort Pitt.

“Pontiac, principal chief of the Ottawas, was now about fifty years old. Until Major Rogers came into the country, he had been, from motives probably both of interest and inclination, a firm friend of the French. Not long before the French war broke out, he had saved the garrison of Detroit from the imminent peril of an attack from some of the discontented tribes of the north. During the war, he had fought on the side of France. It is said that he commanded the Ottawas at the memorable defeat of Braddock; but, at all events, he was treated with much honour by the French officers, and received especial marks of esteem from the Marquis of Montcalm.

“When the tide of affairs changed, the subtle and ambitious chief trimmed his bark to the current, and gave the hand of friendship to the English. That he was disappointed in their treatment of him, and in all the hopes that he had formed from their alliance, is sufficiently evident from one of his speeches. A new light soon began to dawn upon his untaught but powerful mind, and he saw the altered posture of affairs under its true aspect.

“It was a momentous and gloomy crisis for the Indian race, for never before had they been exposed to such pressing and imminent danger. With the downfall of Canada, the Indian tribes had sunk at once from their position of power and importance.

CANADA TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

Hitherto the two rival European nations had kept each other in check upon the American continent, and the Indian tribes had, in some measure, held the balance of power between them. To conciliate their goodwill and gain their alliance, to avoid offending them by injustice and encroachment, was the policy both of the French and English. But now the face of affairs was changed. The English had gained an undisputed ascendancy, and the Indians, no longer important as allies, were treated as mere barbarians, who might be trampled upon with impunity. Abandoned to their own feeble resources and divided strength, the tribes must fast recede, and dwindle away before the steady progress of the colonial power.

“Revolving these thoughts, and remembering, moreover, that his own ambitious views might be advanced by the hostilities he meditated, Pontiac no longer hesitated. Revenge, ambition and patriotism wrought upon him alike, and he resolved on war. At the close of the year 1762 he sent out ambassadors to the different nations. They visited the country of the Ohio and its tributaries, passed northward to the region of the upper lakes, and the wild borders of the river Ottawa; and far southward toward the mouth of the Mississippi. Bearing with them the war-belt of wampum,¹ broad and long, as the importance of the message demanded; and the tomahawk stained red, in token of war; they went from camp to camp, and village to village. Wherever they appeared, the sachems² and old men assembled, to hear the words of the great Pontiac.

¹ Ornamented deer-skin.

² Principal chiefs.

THE INDIAN WAR

Then the head chief of the embassy flung down the tomahawk on the ground before them, and holding the war-belt in his hand, delivered, with vehement gesture, word for word, the speech with which he was charged. It was heard everywhere with approbation ; the belt was accepted, the hatchet snatched up, and the assembled chiefs stood pledged to take part in the war. The blow was to be struck at a certain time in the month of May following, to be indicated by the changes of the moon. The tribes were to rise together, each destroying the English garrison in its neighbourhood, and then, with a general rush, the whole were to turn against the settlements of the frontier.

“To begin the war was reserved by Pontiac as his own peculiar privilege. With the first opening of spring his preparations were complete. His light-footed messengers, with their wampum belts and gifts of tobacco, visited many a lonely hunting-camp in the gloom of the northern woods, and called chiefs and warriors to attend the general meeting. The appointed spot was on the banks of the little river Ecorces, not far from Detroit.

“The council took place on April 27. On that morning, several old men, the heralds of the camp, passed to and fro among the lodges, calling the warriors, in a loud voice, to attend the meeting.

“In accordance with the summons, they came issuing from their cabins—the tall, naked figures of the wild Ojibwas, with quivers slung at their backs, and light war-clubs resting in the hollow of their arms ; Ottawas, wrapped close in their gaudy blankets ; Wyandots, fluttering in painted

CANADA TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

shirts, their heads adorned with feathers, and their leggings garnished with bells. All were soon seated in a wide circle upon the grass, row within row, a grave and silent assembly. Each savage countenance seemed carved in wood, and none could have detected the deep and fiery passions hidden beneath that immovable exterior. Pipes with ornamented stems were lighted, and passed from hand to hand.

“Then Pontiac rose, and walked forward into the midst of the council. According to Canadian tradition, he was not above the middle height, though his muscular figure was cast in a mould of remarkable symmetry and vigour. His complexion was darker than is usual with his race, and his features, though by no means regular, had a bold and stern expression, while his habitual bearing was imperious and peremptory, like that of a man accustomed to sweep away all opposition by the force of his impetuous will.

“Looking round upon his wild auditors, he began to speak, with fierce gesture, and loud, impassioned voice ; and at every pause, deep guttural ejaculations of assent and approval responded to his words. Holding out a broad belt of wampum, he told the council that he had received it from their great father, the King of France, in token that he had heard the voice of his red children ; that his sleep was at an end ; and that his great war-canoes would soon sail up the St. Lawrence, to win back Canada, and wreak vengeance on his enemies. The Indians and their French brethren should fight once more side by side, as they had always fought ; they should strike the English as they had struck them many

THE INDIAN WAR

moons ago, when their great army marched down the Monongahela, and they had shot them from their ambush, like a flock of pigeons in the woods.

“Many other speeches were doubtless made in the council. All present were eager to attack the British fort, and Pontiac told them, in conclusion, that on May 2 he would gain admittance with a party of his warriors, on pretence of dancing the calumet dance before the garrison ; that they would take note of the strength of the fortification, and, this information gained, he would summon another council to determine the mode of attack.

“The assembly now dissolved, and all the evening the women were employed in loading the canoes, which were drawn up on the bank of the stream. The encampments broke up at so early an hour, that when the sun rose, the savage swarm had melted away ; the secluded scene was restored to its wonted silence and solitude, and nothing remained but the slender framework of several hundred cabins, with fragments of broken utensils, pieces of cloth, and scraps of hide, scattered over the trampled grass, while the smouldering embers of numberless fires mingled their dark smoke with the white mist which rose from the little river.

“Every spring, after the winter hunt was over, the Indians were accustomed to return to their villages, or permanent encampments, in the vicinity of Detroit ; and, accordingly, after the council had broken up, they made their appearance as usual about the fort. On May 1 Pontiac came to the gate with forty men of the Ottawa tribe, and asked permission to enter and dance the calumet dance before the officers of the garrison. After some hesitation he was

CANADA TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

admitted; and proceeding to the corner of the street, where stood the house of the commandant, Major Gladwyn, he and thirty of his warriors began their dance, each recounting his own valiant exploits, and boasting himself the bravest of mankind. The officers and men gathered around them; while, in the meantime, the remaining ten of the Ottawas strolled about the fort, observing everything it contained. When the dance was over, they all quietly withdrew, not a suspicion of their sinister design having arisen in the minds of the English.

“After a few days had elapsed, Pontiac’s messengers again passed among the Indian cabins, calling the principal chiefs to another council, in the Pottawattamie village. Here there was a large structure of bark, erected for the public use on occasions like the present. A hundred chiefs were seated around this dusky council-house, the fire in the centre shedding its fitful light upon their dark, naked forms, while the sacred pipe passed from hand to hand. To prevent interruption, Pontiac had stationed young men, as sentinels, near the house. He once more addressed the chiefs, inciting them to hostility against the English, and concluding by the proposal of his plan for destroying Detroit. It was as follows: Pontiac would demand a council with the commandant concerning matters of great importance; and on this pretext he flattered himself that he and his principal chiefs would gain ready admittance within the fort. They were all to carry weapons concealed beneath their blankets. While in the act of addressing the commandant in the council-room, Pontiac was to make a certain signal, upon which the chiefs were

THE INDIAN WAR

to raise the war-whoop, rush upon the officers present, and strike them down. The other Indians, waiting meanwhile at the gate, or loitering among the houses, on hearing the yells and firing within the building, were to assail the astonished and half-armed soldiers ; and thus Detroit would fall an easy prey.

“ In opening this plan of treachery, Pontiac spoke rather as a counsellor than as a commander. Haughty as he was, he had too much sagacity to wound the pride of a body of men over whom he had no other control than that derived from his personal character and influence. No one was hardy enough to venture opposition to the proposal of their great leader. His plan was eagerly adopted. Deep, hoarse ejaculations of applause echoed his speech ; and, gathering their blankets around them, the chiefs withdrew to their respective villages, to prepare for the destruction of the unhappy little garrison.

“ On the afternoon of the 6th a young Ojibwa girl, known to the garrison, came to the fort, and repaired to Gladwyn’s quarters.

“ ‘ To-morrow,’ she said, ‘ Pontiac will come to the fort with sixty of his chiefs. Each will be armed with a gun, cut short, and hidden under his blanket. Pontiac will demand to hold a council ; and after he has delivered his speech, he will offer a peace-belt of wampum, holding it in a reversed position. This will be the signal of attack. The chiefs will spring up and fire upon the officers, and the Indians in the street will fall upon the garrison. Every Englishman will be killed, but not the scalp of a single Frenchman will be touched.’

“ Gladwyn was an officer of signal courage and

CANADA TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

address. He thanked the girl, and, promising a rich reward, told her to go back to her village, that no suspicion might be kindled against her. Every preparation was made to meet the sudden emergency. Half the garrison were ordered under arms, and all the officers prepared to spend the night upon the ramparts.

“The night passed without alarm. The sun rose upon fresh fields and newly budding woods, and scarcely had the morning mists dissolved, when the garrison could see a fleet of birch canoes crossing the river from the eastern shore, within range of cannon shot above the fort. Only two or three warriors appeared in each, but all moved slowly, and seemed deeply laden. In truth, they were full of savages, lying flat on their faces, that their numbers might not excite the suspicion of the English.

“The whole garrison was ordered under arms. The English fur-traders closed their storehouses and armed their men, and all in cool confidence stood waiting the result.

“At ten o’clock, Pontiac, with his treacherous followers, reached the fort, and the gateway was thronged with their savage faces.

“As Pontiac entered, it is said that he started, and that a deep ejaculation half escaped from his broad chest, for at a glance he read the ruin of his plot. On either hand, within the gateway, stood ranks of soldiers and hedges of glittering steel. The swarthy, half-wild *engagés* of the fur-traders, armed to the teeth, stood in groups at the street corners, and the measured tap of a drum fell ominously on the ear. Soon regaining his composure, Pontiac



OJIBWA INDIAN

CANADA TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

strode forward into the narrow street; and the chiefs filed after him in silence, while the scared faces of women and children looked out from the windows as they passed.

“Traversing the entire width of the little town, they reached the door of the council-house, a large building standing near the margin of the river. Entering, they saw Gladwyn, with several of his officers, seated in readiness to receive them, and the observant chiefs did not fail to remark that every Englishman wore a sword at his side and a pair of pistols in his belt. The conspirators eyed each other with uneasy glances. ‘Why,’ demanded Pontiac, ‘do I see so many of my father’s young men standing in the street with their guns?’ Gladwyn replied through his interpreter, La Butte, that he had ordered the soldiers under arms for the sake of exercise and discipline. With much delay, and many signs of distrust, the chiefs at length sat down on the mats prepared for them; and after the customary pause, Pontiac rose to speak. Holding in his hand the wampum belt which was to have given the fatal signal, he addressed the commandant, professing strong attachment to the English, and declaring, in Indian phrase, that he had come to smoke the pipe of peace, and brighten the chain of friendship. The officers watched him keenly as he uttered these hollow words, fearing lest, though conscious that his designs were suspected, he might still attempt to accomplish them. And once, it is said, he raised the wampum belt as if about to give the signal of attack. But at that instant Gladwyn signed slightly with his hand. The sudden clash of

THE INDIAN WAR

arms sounded from the passage without, and a drum rolling the charge filled the council-room with its stunning din. At this, Pontiac stood like one confounded. Some writers will have it that Gladwyn, rising from his seat, drew the chief's blanket aside, exposed the hidden gun, and sternly rebuked him for his treachery. But the commandant wished only to prevent the consummation of the plot, without bringing on an open rupture. His own letters affirm that he and his officers remained seated as before. Pontiac, seeing his unruffled brow and his calm eye fixed steadfastly upon him, knew not what to think, and soon sat down in amazement and perplexity. Another pause ensued, and Gladwyn commenced a brief reply. He assured the chiefs that friendship and protection should be extended toward them as long as they continued to deserve it, but threatened ample vengeance for the first act of aggression. The council then broke up ; but before leaving the room, Pontiac told the officers that he would return in a few days, with his squaws and children, for he wished that they should all shake hands with their fathers the English. To this new piece of treachery Gladwyn deigned no reply. The gates of the fort, which had been closed during the conference, were again flung open, and the baffled savages were suffered to depart, rejoiced, no doubt, to breathe once more the free air of the open fields.

Balked in his treachery, the great chief withdrew to his village, enraged and mortified, yet still resolved to persevere. That Gladwyn had suffered him to escape, was to his mind an ample proof either of cowardice or ignorance. The latter sup-

CANADA TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

position seemed the more probable, and he resolved to visit the English once more, and convince them, if possible, that their suspicions against him were unfounded. Early on the following morning, he repaired to the fort with three of his chiefs, bearing in his hand the sacred calumet, or pipe of peace, the bowl carved in stone, and the stem adorned with feathers. Offering it to the commandant, he addressed him and his officers to the following effect: 'My fathers, evil birds have sung lies in your ear. We that stand before you are friends of the English. We love them as our brothers, and, to prove our love, we have come this day to smoke the pipe of peace.'

"Early on the following morning, Monday, May 9, the French inhabitants went in procession to the principal church of the settlement, which stood near the river bank, about half a mile above the fort. Having heard mass, they all returned before eleven o'clock, without discovering any signs that the Indians meditated an immediate act of hostility. Scarcely, however, had they done so, when the common behind the fort was once more thronged with Indians of all the four tribes; and Pontiac, advancing from among the multitude, approached the gate. It was closed and barred against him. Pontiac shouted to the sentinels, and demanded why he was refused admittance. Gladwyn himself replied that the great chief might enter, if he chose, but that the crowd he had brought with him must remain outside. Pontiac rejoined that he wished all his warriors to enjoy the fragrance of the friendly calumet. Gladwyn's answer was more concise than courteous,

THE INDIAN WAR

and imported that he would have none of his rabble in the fort. Thus repulsed, Pontiac threw off the mask which he had worn so long. With a grin of hate and rage, he turned abruptly from the gate, and strode towards his followers, who, in great multitudes, lay flat upon the ground, just beyond reach of gunshot. At his approach, they all leaped up and ran off.

“When Pontiac saw his plan defeated, he turned towards the shore, and no man durst approach him, for he was terrible in his rage. Pushing a canoe from the bank, he urged it, with vigorous strokes, against the current towards the Ottawa village, on the farther side. As he drew near, he shouted to the inmates. None remained in the lodges but women, children, and old men, who all came flocking out at the sound of his imperious voice. Pointing across the water, he ordered that all should prepare to move the camp to the western shore, that the river might no longer interpose a barrier between his followers and the English. The squaws laboured with eager alacrity to obey him. Provision, utensils, weapons, and even the bark covering to the lodges, were carried to the shore ; and before evening all was ready for embarkation. Meantime, the warriors had come dropping in, until, at nightfall, nearly all had returned. Then Pontiac, hideous in his war-paint, leaped into the central area of the village. Brandishing his tomahawk, and stamping on the ground, he recounted his former exploits, and denounced vengeance on the English. The Indians flocked about him. Warrior after warrior caught the fierce contagion, and soon the ring was filled

CANADA TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

with dancers, circling round and round with frantic gesture, and startling the distant garrison with unearthly yells.

“Every Englishman in the fort, whether trader or soldier, was now ordered under arms. No man lay down to sleep, and Gladwyn himself walked the ramparts throughout the night.

“All was quiet till the approach of dawn. But as the first dim redness tinged the east, and fields and woods grew visible in the morning twilight, suddenly the war-whoop rose on every side at once. As wolves assail the wounded bison, howling their gathering cries across the wintry prairie, so the fierce Indians, pealing their terrific yells, came bounding naked to the assault. The men hastened to their posts. And truly it was time, for not the Ottawas alone, but the whole barbarian swarm, Wyandots, Pottawattamies, and Ojibwas, were upon them, and bullets rapped hard and fast against the palisades. The soldiers looked from the loopholes, thinking to see their assailants gathering for a rush against the feeble barrier. But though their clamours filled the air, and their guns blazed thick and hot, yet very few were visible. Some were ensconced behind barns and fences, some skulked among bushes, and some lay flat in hollows of the ground ; while those who could find no shelter were leaping about with the agility of monkeys, to dodge the shot of the fort. Each had filled his mouth with bullets, for the convenience of loading, and each was charging and firing without suspending these agile gymnastics for a moment. There was one low hill, at no great distance from the fort, behind which countless black

THE INDIAN WAR

heads of Indians alternately appeared and vanished, while, all along the ridge their guns emitted incessant white puffs of smoke. Every loophole was a target for their bullets ; but the fire was returned with steadiness, and not without effect. The Canadian *engagés* of the fur-traders retorted the Indian war-whoops with outcries not less discordant, while the British and provincials paid back the clamour of the enemy with musket and rifle balls. Within half gunshot of the palisade was a cluster of out-buildings, behind which a host of Indians found shelter. A cannon was brought to bear upon them, loaded with red-hot spikes. They were soon wrapped in flames, upon which the disconcerted savages broke away in a body, and ran off yelping, followed by a shout of laughter from the soldiers.

“For six hours the attack was unabated ; but as the day advanced, the assailants grew weary of their futile efforts. Their fire slackened, their clamours died away, and the garrison was left once more in peace, though from time to time a solitary shot, or lonely whoop, still showed the presence of some lingering savage, loath to be balked of his revenge. Among the garrison, only five men had been wounded, while the cautious enemy had suffered but trifling loss.”¹

Pontiac continued to attack the fort with all his force, but, as the months passed, Gladwyn and his stalwart defenders bravely repulsed assault after assault. The Indians captured and destroyed all the forts of the Western and Ohio country except Fort Pitt, but at length help arrived from the East,

¹ From *The Conspiracy of Pontiac*, by Francis Parkman.

CANADA TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

Fort Detroit was relieved, and the rising completely crushed. The red cross of England floated over the forts, and the end of the long conflict with the native tribes at last brought in the reign of peace in the West.

CHAPTER VIII

THE AMERICAN INVASIONS

(1775-1812)

THE Indian outbreak was no sooner suppressed than Canada was again threatened during the revolution of the New England colonies, which terminated in a proclamation of their independence and the establishment of an American Republic. The rebels against the Home Country looked in vain for assistance from the Canadians, and finding that, in spite of their appeals and threats, the Canadians remained loyal to the British king, they determined to invade the country. At first their attack was successful on account of the weak defences of the new province. In a short time all the forts, including Montreal itself, were in the hands of the rebels, who advanced on Quebec, determined to repeat Wolfe's famous exploit. The attempt failed hopelessly and the rebels retreated, filled with terror at the slaughter of their forces. They returned to the siege, however, which was continued for some months, until the arrival of help from England sent the invaders across the border.

In 1812, when England was engaged in her last fight with Napoleon, the Republic made another attempt to win over the Canadians. England was

CANADA TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

engaged in war and there was dissatisfaction among the French Canadians. They thought, therefore, that this would be a favourable time to strike a blow at Canada.

“We can take the Canadas without soldiers,” said the Secretary of War in Congress. “It is only necessary to send officers into the provinces and the people disaffected toward their own Government will rally round their standard.” The war party in the States was mistaken, however: though the Canadians were dissatisfied they desired redress of their grievances rather than secession.

“On June 24 it became known at Quebec that Congress had declared war, so all American citizens were warned by the Government to quit the province by July 3. On July 6 the whole militia of the province had been directed to hold themselves in readiness to be embodied, while the flank companies of the Montreal militia were formed into a battalion and armed.

“Meanwhile, General Brock, in Upper Canada, had been busily employed in making preparations for the contest. He had considerable difficulties to encounter. There were but few troops in the province, and not sufficient muskets to arm the militia; while at the same time the Governor-General informed him that no aid need be looked for from England for some months.

“No sooner had General Brock learned, on June 26, that war had been declared by the United States, than he sent orders to Captain Roberts, commandant of a military post at Lake Huron, to possess himself of Mackinac if possible; but if first attacked he was

100

THE AMERICAN INVASIONS

to defend himself to the last extremity, and then retreat upon St. Mary's, a station belonging to the North-west Company. On July 16 he embarked, and landed on the 17th near Mackinac, garrisoned by sixty regular soldiers under the command of Lieutenant Hancks. Roberts immediately summoned



QUEBEC CITY WALLS

him to surrender, which was complied with after a few minutes' delay. Thus, at the very outset of the war, a most important post, commanding the entrance into Lake Michigan, was acquired without loss of blood.

“Meanwhile General Hull, who had spent several months in organizing a force for the invasion of Western Canada, crossed over the Detroit river, on

CANADA TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

July 12, with two thousand five hundred men, to Sandwich, where he planted the American standard, and published a most inflated proclamation, calling on the inhabitants to surrender. ‘He did not come to ask their assistance,’ he said; ‘he had a force which would beat down all opposition, and that force was but the vanguard of a much greater. The United States,’ he continued, ‘offer you peace, liberty, and security; your choice lies between these and war, slavery, and destruction.’ Very few of the Canadians joined his standard, or accepted his offers of protection. On the 22nd of the same month Brock issued a counter-proclamation at Fort George, in which he showed the odious alliance of the Americans with the despotic Napoleon, and taught the people the duty they owed to their country.

“Eighteen miles from Hull’s camp stood the village of Amherstburg, defended by Fort Malden, now unfit to stand a siege, so imperfect were the works, and garrisoned by three hundred regular troops, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel St. George. The surrounding country was difficult to traverse, and the river Canard, flowing a little distance behind the village, and falling into the Detroit river some three miles above it, offered a favourable position for checking the advance of an enemy. Off the mouth of the Canard lay the British sloop of war, *Queen Charlotte*, eighteen guns, which effectually prevented the advance of an armament by water.

“On the 17th Hull pushed forward a detachment towards Amherstburg to reconnoitre, which was speedily driven back by the few troops and Indians St. George had ambushed at the Canard. Next day

THE AMERICAN INVASIONS

the Americans, in greater numbers, attempted to force a passage, with no better success ; and on the 20th they were a third time repulsed. Hull now began to be encumbered with wounded, and the vessel in which were the hospital stores of his army having been captured, his difficulties increased. (In his rear Mackinac had fallen, while Colonel Proctor, who had been sent on by Brock with a small reinforcement, pushed a force across the river opposite Amherstburg, on August 5, which routed two hundred and sixty of the enemy, captured a convoy of provisions, and effectually interrupted his communications with Ohio.) Had Hull pushed forward at once after crossing the river, with resolution and skill, Amherstburg must have fallen. But the right time for action had been allowed to pass ; the Indians were arriving in considerable numbers to aid the British, the militia also began to muster ; and, worst of all, Brock was advancing from Toronto. On the 7th and 8th, Hull re-crossed the river with the whole of his army, except a garrison of two hundred and fifty men left in a small fort he had erected at Sandwich, and established himself at Detroit. From thence he dispatched a body of seven hundred men to re-open his communications with Ohio, a duty effected with heavy loss to themselves, while the British and their Indian allies, although compelled to retreat, suffered very little.

“After a fatiguing journey by land and water, Brock arrived at Amherstburg on the night of the 13th, and met the Indians in council on the following morning.

“In one of the recent skirmishes, Hull’s dispatches

CANADA TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

to his Government had been captured. These breathed so desponding a tone, and painted his position in such unfavourable colours, that Brock determined to attack him before he received succour, a course most amply justified by the result. By the 15th a battery was constructed on the bank of the

river, oppositè Detroit, and three guns and two howitzers placed in position, when Brock summoned Hull to surrender. He refused to comply, and the battery opened fire. Next morning the British, numbering in all seven hundred regulars and militia, and six hundred Indians, crossed the river three miles



GENERAL BROCK

below the town. Forming his men in column, and throwing out the Indians to cover his flanks, General Brock advanced steadily toward the fort. When at the distance of a mile he halted to reconnoitre, and observing that little or no precautions for defence had been taken at the land side, resolved on an immediate assault. But Hull prevented this movement by capitulating; the garrison, with troops encamped in the vicinity, amounting together to two thousand five hundred men, surrendered to little more than half their number. With Detroit a large quantity of military stores and provisions were given up, and the territory of Michigan also surrendered on

THE AMERICAN INVASIONS

the simple condition that life and property should be respected. The American militia were permitted to return to their homes, while the regular troops and officers, over one thousand in number, were sent down to Quebec.

“Thus disgracefully, on the part of the Americans, ended the first attempt to conquer Upper Canada. Within the short space of five weeks Mackinac had fallen, Detroit had been captured, and the chief part of their army of invasion compelled to surrender; while their whole north-western frontier was left exposed to hostile incursions. The successes of British regular troops and militia, against a force so much their superior in numbers, had a most excellent effect in raising the spirits of the Canadian people, and securing the fidelity of the Indians.

“Owing to the infatuation of the Home Government, who still confidently looked for the establishment of peace, and had no idea that the conquest of Canada was really desired by the Americans, the 103rd regiment and a weak battalion of the 1st or Royal Scots, with a few recruits, were the only assistance dispatched up to this period. Matters had in the meantime assumed a more threatening appearance along the American frontier. Irritated rather than discouraged by the surrender of Hull, preparations by land and water were energetically pushed forward for the conquest of Upper Canada before the winter set in. General Harrison had collected a large army at the west to revenge the fall of Detroit, while Dearborn instructed Van Ransallaer to penetrate Brock's line of defence on the Niagara at Queenston, and establish himself permanently in the province. For this opera-

CANADA TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

tion the force at his disposal was amply sufficient, the British regulars and militia collected for the defence of this entire frontier of thirty-six miles being under two thousand men. But owing to the exertions of Brock, who saw clearly the approaching storm, these troops were in the best possible state of efficiency, and thoroughly on the alert.

“ During the 12th, Van Ransallaer completed his preparations for attacking Queenston. The following morning was cold and stormy, but nevertheless his troops embarked in boats at an early hour, and everything was made ready to push across the river with the first blush of dawn. These movements were soon discovered by the British sentries, who gave the alarm. Captain Dennis of the 49th, who commanded at Queenston, immediately collected two companies of his regiment and about one hundred of the militia at the landing-place to oppose the enemy, whom he held in check for a considerable time, aided by the fire of an eighteen-pounder in position on the heights above, and a masked gun about a mile lower down. A portion of the Americans, however, landed higher up, and ascending by an unguarded path, turned the British flank, captured the eighteen-pounder, and speedily compelled Dennis to retreat, after having sustained considerable loss, to the north end of the village. Here he was met by General Brock, who had heard the cannonade at Niagara and pushed forward in company with his aides-de-camp, Major Glegg and Colonel M'Donnell, to ascertain its cause. Having learned how matters stood, he dismounted from his horse, and, resolving to carry the heights, now fully in possession of the Americans, placed him

THE AMERICAN INVASIONS

self at the head of a company of the 49th, and, waving his sword, led them to the charge in double-quick time under a heavy fire from the enemy's riflemen. Ere long one of these singled out the general, took deliberate aim, fired, and the gallant Brock, without a word, sank down to rise no more. The 49th now raised a shout to 'revenge the general:' regulars and militia madly rushed forward, and drove the enemy, despite their superior numbers, from the summit of the hill.

"By this time the Americans had been strongly reinforced, and the British, who had never exceeded three hundred altogether, finding themselves nearly surrounded, were compelled to retire, having sustained a loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners, of about one hundred men, including several officers. They re-formed in front of the one-gun battery, already stated as being a mile below Queenston, to await the arrival of assistance. Van Ransallaer, therefore, made a solid lodgment on Canadian soil with nearly a thousand men, and after giving orders to form an entrenched camp, re-crossed the river to send over reinforcements. But the American militia, having now seen enough of hard fighting, were suddenly seized with conscientious scruples about going out of their own territory. Comparatively few crossed over to the assistance of their comrades beyond the river, who were thus left to shift for themselves. Early in the afternoon, a demonstration was made against the American position in the most gallant manner by young Brant, at the head of some fifty Mohawks. These, after a sharp skirmish, were compelled to retire, owing to the steady front

CANADA TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

presented by Colonel, afterwards General Scott, who had meanwhile arrived, and assumed the chief command.

“ But the British had no intention of surrendering Queenston so easily. Major-General Sheaffe, an American by birth, assumed the chief command on Brock’s death, and having collected all the troops at Niagara and Chippewa, moved forward in admirable order to drive the enemy from their formidable position. His force, inclusive of one hundred Indians, was under one thousand men, of whom only five hundred and sixty were regulars, with two small guns. After making a long detour to the right, to gain the open ground in rear of the heights, Sheaffe began the attack by an advance of his left, which, after delivering a volley, charged with the bayonet, and drove in Scott’s right. He then advanced his main body, and after a sharp conflict, a part of the enemy were driven back over the first ridge of heights to the road leading to the falls, while another portion let themselves down by the aid of the roots and bushes toward the river, hotly pursued by the Indians, who were with difficulty withdrawn.

“ Resistance was now out of the question, and the Americans, to the number of nine hundred and fifty regulars and militia, surrendered. So completely had they been scattered, that hardly three hundred men remained with Scott when he gave himself up.

“ Thus ended in total discomfiture the second attempt of the Americans to establish themselves permanently in Upper Canada. The British loss, in a numerical point of view, was comparatively small, and did not, in killed and wounded, amount to one

THE AMERICAN INVASIONS

hundred men ; but the death of gallant Brock dimmed the lustre of victory, and cast a gloom over the country. Brock's name has not been forgotten ; the people of Canada West still cherish his memory, and while the current of the Niagara speeds past the scene of his death, he will occupy an honourable place in the pages of its history." ¹

¹ From *The History of Canada*, by John MacMullen.

CHAPTER IX

TO THE PACIFIC OVERLAND: THE FIRST CROSSING OF NORTH AMERICA

IN the year 1784 Alexander Henry, Thomas Currie, James Finlay, and other famous pioneers in the new development of the fur-trade, joined some Montreal merchants to form the North-west Fur Trading Company, in opposition to the Hudson Bay Company. Until 1821 a hard and bitter fight was waged against the jealousy and encroachments of the rival company. During these years the agents of the North-west Company effected a revolution in Canadian geography by their heroic and determined efforts as pioneers of empire. The story of their numerous adventures would fill several volumes: we must be content, therefore, to glance at the work of one—perhaps the greatest—of the pioneers of the North-West.

Alexander Mackenzie was born at Stornoway, in the Hebrides, in 1763. At the age of sixteen he entered the counting-house of Messrs. Gregory and M'Leod at Montreal, and when, five years later, the new Trading Company was formed, he was appointed one of the partners in the undertaking. In 1784 Mackenzie was sent with some goods to Detroit, with



MONTREAL

CANADA TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

instructions to penetrate into Indian territory before returning. The following spring he proceeded to Grand Portage, and afterward founded Fort Chipewayan, at the head of Lake Athabasca. Here he resided until 1788, when he was appointed by his company to explore the region of the North-West, by following the Slave River to its outlet in the Arctic or the Pacific Ocean.

Mackenzie left Fort Chipewayan on June 3, 1789, taking with him four French-Canadians, one German, and an Amerindian guide known as "English Chief." A week later the Great Slave Lake was reached, and the explorers began to descend the great river that now bears their leader's name. On July 16 they reached the Arctic Ocean, and before them lay a vast expanse of ice. Fearing to be held up for the winter without a store of provisions, and uncertain of the faithfulness of his guides, Mackenzie did not remain to carry out his investigations, but turned his canoes up-stream and commenced the return journey. Fort Chipewayan was reached on September 12, just in time to escape being frozen-up at the approach of winter.

After exploring the Peace River, Mackenzie determined to attempt to reach the Pacific. Accompanied by six French-Canadians and two Indian guides, he set out from his station, to which he had given the name New Establishment, and on May 9, 1793, embarked on the Peace River in a twenty-five foot canoe. They proceeded along the river among the foot-hills of the Rocky Mountains, each day bringing them fresh scenes of wonderful beauty surpassing anything Mackenzie had before seen.

TO THE PACIFIC OVERLAND

“The ground rises,” he writes, “at intervals to a considerable height, and stretching inward to a considerable distance : at every interval or pause in the rise there is a very gently ascending space or lawn, which is alternate with abrupt precipices to the summit of the whole, or at least as far as the eye



MOUNT ASSINIBOINE

could distinguish. This magnificent theatre of nature has all the decorations which the trees and animals of the country can afford it : groves of poplars in every shape vary the scene ; and their intervals are enlivened with vast herds of elks and buffaloes : the former choosing the steeps and uplands and the latter preferring the plains. The whole country displayed an exuberant verdure ; the trees that bear a blossom were advancing fast to that delightful

CANADA TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

appearance, and the velvet rind of their branches reflecting the oblique rays of a rising or setting sun, added a splendid gaiety to the scene which no expressions of mine are qualified to describe."

As they drew nearer the Rocky Mountains the navigation of the river became increasingly difficult and perilous. Some members of the party, already fatigued and disheartened, began to murmur against continuing the pursuit, and, at last, openly urged their leader to return. Ordering those who had complained to endeavour to make the ascent of a hill that rose before them, Mackenzie set off with one of the Indians to explore the river. The explorer returned very much fatigued, with shoes worn out and wounded feet, perfectly satisfied, as the result of his examination, that it would be impracticable to proceed any farther by water. He could find no end of the rapids and cascades and no alternative was left, therefore, but the passage of the mountains, over which they must carry the canoe as well as the baggage.

At break of day the extraordinary journey was commenced. The men began without delay to cut a road up the mountain, felling the trees in such a manner that they might fall parallel with the road and form a kind of railing on either side. The baggage was then brought, with great difficulty, from the water-side up the steep, shelving rocks to the encampment. This was a perilous undertaking, as a false step might, at any time, have resulted in a headlong plunge into the river. When this was accomplished the canoe was brought up to the camping-ground. After resting to recover some of

TO THE PACIFIC OVERLAND

the energy spent on their great exertions, the advance up the mountain side was commenced. Doubling their line and fastening it around successive trees they succeeded in hauling the canoe, yard by yard, up the steep slope, and by strenuous effort got everything to the summit before nightfall.

At four the next morning the labour of road-cutting



PEACE RIVER

began afresh. The ground continued to rise, and although they were on such an elevated situation, they could see but little, as mountains of still greater height, and covered with snow, towered above them in all directions. At five in the afternoon the party encamped for the night near a spring that issued from beneath a large mass of ice and snow. The toilsome journey of the day amounted to only three miles, for the rough, wooded country was over-spread with tree trunks intermixed with briars and

CANADA TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

undergrowth which made progress painful and tedious.

The next laborious march brought them at evening to the banks of a river, and, after much toil and trouble, they succeeded in bringing the canoe and all their baggage through a thick pine wood to the water's edge. The rain was so violent throughout the whole of the next day that they were unable to proceed. The storm at last abated and they renewed their progress at an early hour. The strong current bore them forward at a rapid rate, and they continued their course down the stream until seven in the evening, when they landed to pitch camp for the night.

Soon the river widened into a broad sheet of water. Here the mountains opened out on either side, and the explorers began to think that, at last, they were leaving the mountains behind them. As they proceeded they found the river barred with rocks, forming cascades and small islands. The view soon convinced them that their hopes were without foundation, for the extensive view that opened before them disclosed a ridge or chain of mountains running across their path as far to the north and south as the eye could reach.

In the heart of the mountains the party encountered Rocky Mountain Indians, or Amerindians, who had never before seen white men. "After we had proceeded some distance," says the journal, "we perceived a smell of fire; and in a short time we heard people in the woods, as if in a state of great confusion, which was occasioned, as we afterwards understood, by their discovery of us. . . . I ordered

TO THE PACIFIC OVERLAND

my people to strike off to the opposite side, that we might see if any of them had sufficient courage to remain ; but, before we were half over the river, which, in this part, is not more than a hundred yards wide, two men appeared on a rising ground over against us, brandishing their spears, displaying their bows and arrows, and accompanying their hostile gestures with loud vociferations.

“ My interpreter did not hesitate to assure them that they might dispel their apprehensions, as we were white people, who meditated no injury, but were, on the contrary, desirous of demonstrating every mark of kindness and friendship. They did not, however, seem disposed to confide in our declarations, and actually threatened, if we came over before they were more fully satisfied of our peaceful intentions, that they would discharge their arrows at us. This was a decided kind of conduct which I did not expect ; at the same time I readily complied with their proposition, and after some time had passed in hearing and answering their questions, they consented to our landing, though not without betraying very evident symptoms of fear and distrust. They, however, laid aside their weapons, and when I stepped forward and took each of them by the hand, one of them, but with a very tremulous action, drew his knife from his sleeve, and presented it to me as a mark of his submission to my will and pleasure.

“ They examined everything about us with a minute and suspicious attention. They had heard, indeed, of white men, but this was the first time that they had ever seen a human being of a complexion

CANADA TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

different from their own. The party had been here but a few hours ; nor had they yet erected their sheds ; and except the two men now with us they had all fled, leaving their little property behind them. One of them I sent to recall his people, and the other, for very obvious reasons, we kept with us. In the meantime the canoe was unloaded, the necessary baggage carried up the hill, and the tents pitched.

“ It was about three in the afternoon when we landed, and at five the whole party of Indians had assembled. It consisted only of three men, three women, and seven or eight boys, and girls. With their scratched legs, bleeding feet, and dishevelled hair, as in the hurry of their flight they had left their shoes and leggings behind them, they displayed a most wretched appearance ; they were consoled, however, with beads and other trifles, which seemed to please them ; they had pemmican also given them to eat, which was not unwelcome, and, in our opinion at least, superior to their own provision, which consisted entirely of dried fish.

“ When I thought they were sufficiently composed I sent for the men to my tent, to gain such information respecting the country as I concluded it was in their power to afford me. But my expectations were by no means satisfied ; they said that they were not acquainted with any river to the westward, but that there was one from whence they were just arrived, over a carrying place of eleven days’ march, which they represented as being a branch only of the river before us. When the dawn appeared I repeated my inquiries, but my perplexity was not removed by any favourable variation in their answers. About

118

TO THE PACIFIC OVERLAND

nine, however, one of them still remaining at my fire, in conversation with the interpreter, I understood enough of their language to know that he mentioned something about a great river, at the same time pointing significantly up that which was before us. On my inquiring of the interpreter respecting that expression, I was informed that he knew of a large river that ran toward the midday sun, a branch of which flowed near the source of that which we were now navigating; but that it did not empty itself into the sea. . . . I desired him to describe the road to the other river, by delineating it with a piece of coal, on a strip of bark, which he accomplished to my satisfaction. The opinion that the river did not discharge itself into the sea I very confidently imputed to his ignorance of the country."

Taking one of the Indians with them as a guide, the explorers pushed off the canoe from the bank and proceeded on their journey. At length, travelling partly by land and partly by water, they reached the source of the river, where they were forced to land once more and unload the canoe. Careful examination of the surrounding country disclosed a beaten path leading over a low ridge of land to another small lake to which they conveyed the canoe and baggage with as little delay as possible. From this lake they passed into a small river that was so full of fallen wood that it required considerable exertion to force a passage through it. The name given to this little mountain stream—the Bad River—was very appropriate, for they had many perilous adventures in their efforts to navigate it. Indeed, the prospect of complete disaster stared them in the face several

CANADA TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

times before they reached the Fraser River in safety.

Here is an account of one such experience as recorded in the journal. "At an early hour of this morning the men began to cut a road, in order to carry the canoe and lading beyond the rapid; and



WATER POWER, PEACE RIVER

by seven they were ready. That business was soon effected, and the canoe reladen, to proceed with the current, which ran with great rapidity. We pushed off, and had proceeded but a very short way when the canoe struck, and, notwithstanding all our exertions, the violence of the current was so great as to drive her sideways down the river, and break her by the first bar, when I instantly jumped into the

TO THE PACIFIC OVERLAND

water, and the men followed my example ; but before we could set her straight or stop her, we came to deeper water, so that we were obliged to re-embark with the utmost precipitation. One of the men, who was not sufficiently active, was left to get on shore in the best manner in his power.

“ We had hardly regained our situations when we drove against a rock, which shattered the stem of the canoe in such a manner that it held only by the gunwales, so that the steersman could no longer keep his place. The violence of this stroke drove us to the opposite side of the river, which is but narrow, when the bow met the same fate as the stem. At this moment the foreman seized on some branches of a small tree in the hope of bringing up the canoe, but such was their elasticity that, in a manner not easily described, he was jerked on shore in an instant, and with a degree of violence that threatened his destruction. But we had no time to turn from our situation to inquire what had befallen him ; for in a few moments, we came across a cascade which broke several large holes in the bottom of the canoe, and started all the bars, except one behind the scooping seat. If this accident, however, had not happened, the vessel must have been irretrievably overset.

“ The wreck becoming flat on the water, we all jumped out, while the steersman, who had been compelled to abandon his place, and had not recovered from his fright, called out to his companions to save themselves. My peremptory commands superseded the effects of his fear, and they held fast to the wreck, to which fortunate resolution we owed our safety, as we should otherwise have been dashed against the

CANADA TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

rocks by the force of the water, or driven over the cascades. In this condition we were forced several hundred yards, and every yard on the verge of destruction ; but at length we most fortunately arrived in shallow water and a small eddy, where we were enabled to make a stand, from the weight of the canoe resting on the stones, rather than from any exertions of our exhausted strength. For though our efforts were short, they were pushed to the utmost, as life or death depended on them.

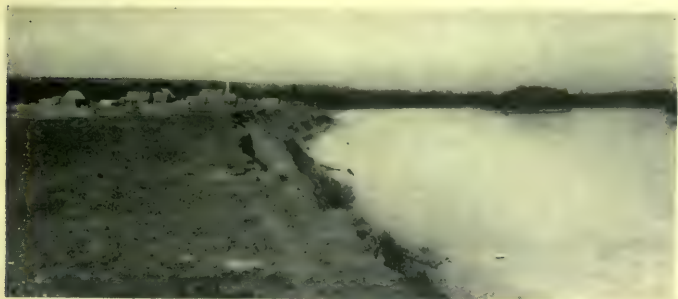
“ This alarming scene, with all its terrors and dangers, occupied only a few minutes ; and in the present suspension of it we called to the people on shore to come to our assistance, and they immediately obeyed the summons. The foreman, however, was the first with us. He had escaped unhurt from the extraordinary jerk with which he was thrown out of the boat, and just as we were beginning to take our effects out of the water, he appeared to give his assistance. The Indians, when they saw our deplorable situation, instead of making the least efforts to help us, sat down and gave vent to their tears.

“ The loss was considerable and important, for it consisted of our whole stock of balls, and some of our furniture ; but these considerations were forgotten in the impressions of our miraculous escape. Our first inquiry was after the absent man whom, in the first moment of danger, we had left to get on shore, and in a short time his appearance removed our anxiety. We had, however, sustained no personal injury of consequence, and my bruises seemed to be in the greater proportion. All the different articles were now spread out to dry. The powder had

TO THE PACIFIC OVERLAND

fortunately received no damage, and all my instruments had escaped."

When the damaged canoe had been repaired they continued their journey, and, at last, had "the inexpressible satisfaction of finding themselves on the bank of a navigable river on the western side of the first great range of mountains." As they proceeded down the Fraser River, encountering at intervals rapids which threatened to swamp the



FRASER RIVER AT PRINCE GEORGE

canoe, they were forced to come in contact with the tribes of Amerindians dwelling on the banks of the river. These people were warlike in manner, and much bravery and tact was necessary in order to preserve friendly relations with them. Mackenzie learned from them that the Fraser River was obstructed by rapids at numerous points on its course, and, though it would ultimately bring them to the water "which was unfit to drink," that is, the sea, it flowed so far to the south that it was out of the question as a short route to the Western Sea. An elderly member of the tribe informed the explorer

CANADA TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

that if he retraced his journey a little distance up the river, he would find another stream flowing into it from the west, and this river would bring them to the sea after a journey of no great length.

Their route brought them to a ridge of mountains covered with snow, which they had to cross. Traveling was very difficult and they suffered badly from lack of provisions, alleviating the pangs of hunger as far as possible by wild parsnips and other roots. As they were descending the slopes of the mountains they came suddenly upon a native village, and, made desperate by fatigue and hunger, they resolved to risk the dangers of a hostile reception and made their way into the village. Mackenzie walked into one of the houses without hesitation and was received without the least appearance of surprise. The inmates directed him, by signs, to go up to the large house, which was erected on upright posts at some distance from the ground. A broad piece of timber with steps cut in it led to the scaffolding on a level with the floor, and by this curious kind of ladder he entered the house at one end. Passing three fires, at equal distances in the middle of the building, he was received by several people sitting upon a very wide board, at the upper end of it.

Roasted salmon was provided for the party without delay, and they were soon made comfortable.

When the meal was finished the chief invited them to spend the night in his dwelling. Mackenzie, however, preferred to camp outside, and a fire was accordingly lit for them and each member of the party was provided with a thick board for a bed. "We had not long been seated round the fire,"

TO THE PACIFIC OVERLAND

continues the journal, "when we received a dish of salmon roes, pounded fine and beat up with water so as to have the appearance of a cream. Another dish soon followed, the principal article of which was also salmon roes, with a large proportion of gooseberries, and an herb that appeared to be sorrel. Having been regaled with these delicacies, for such they were considered by that hospitable spirit which provided them, we laid ourselves down to rest with no other canopy than the sky. But I never enjoyed a more sound and refreshing rest, though I had a board for my bed and a billet for my pillow."

After they had sufficiently rested, themselves the explorers, taking with them a stock of provisions, embarked in two canoes and continued their journey along the river to which Mackenzie had given the name Salmon River. At last, on Saturday, July 20, 1793, they passed out of the Salmon River into an arm of the Pacific Ocean, and the goal of Mackenzie's ambition was attained. Careful observations and calculation showed them that their situation was on an arm of "Vancouver's Cascade Canal," part of what is now Burke Channel. Camp was pitched near Cape Menzies, which had been reached by sea, and named by Captain Vancouver two months



ALEXANDER MACKENZIE

CANADA TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

earlier. Mackenzie, proud of the honour of being the first white man to cross North America from the Atlantic to the Pacific, north of Mexico, mixed up some vermilion, or red earth, in melted grease, and inscribed the following words in large letters on the face of the rock on which they had encamped: "Alexander Mackenzie from Canada by land, the twenty-second of July, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-three."

The return journey was a series of perilous adventures, but the party came safely through all trials and difficulties and reached Fort Chipewyan on August 24, 1793. George III conferred the honour of knighthood upon Mackenzie, on the occasion of a visit to England, in recognition of his great services to the Empire. On his return to Canada he was elected to the Legislative Assembly, as member for Huntingdon County, in Lower Canada. Devoting himself to trade, Mackenzie amassed a considerable fortune, and, on retirement, settled in Ross-shire, where he died in 1820.

CHAPTER X

THE RED RIVER REBELLION

(1870)

IN 1869, when Manitoba was created a province, the Dominion took over the administration of the extensive territory of the North-West from the Hudson Bay Company. At that time scarcely anyone lived on the western prairie except wild Indians, scattered traders, hunters, half-breeds, missionaries and mounted police. The territories were thought of little value, except by the few who had been there and knew better. The French half-breeds, trappers and hunters who occupied the land in ignorance of the exact nature of the transfer of the territory to the Government, believed that they were to be deprived of their lands, and rose in rebellion, headed by Louis Riel, a French half-breed. Riel formed a provisional Government, and proceeded to confiscate property and banish residents in the North-West. Matters reached a head when he put to death a Canadian militia officer, after a drum-head court-martial, and the greatest excitement prevailed throughout the Dominion. Colonel Garnet Wolseley, afterward Lord Wolseley, was sent out to put down the rebellion,

CANADA TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

and in the following paragraphs his own account of the expedition into the then inaccessible and desolate regions of the North-West is given.

“We had looked forward to at least a pretty little field day, when our line of skirmishers should enclose Fort Garry and its rebel garrison as in a net. But by early dawn next morning the whole country far and near was a sea of deep and clinging mud. There was then nothing approaching a road in the whole territory, so I had to forgo all pomp and circumstance of war in my final advance and had once more to take to our boats and the dreary oar. We were all wet through, very cold and extremely cross and hungry. A cup of hot tea and a biscuit swallowed quickly for breakfast, and all were again at the oar by 6 A.M., August 24, 1870. The rain poured ‘in buckets’ upon us, and at places the country was under water. . . .

“I landed at Port Douglas, only two miles from Fort Garry by road, but six by the river, which there makes a wide bend. A few carts were seized, into which tools and ammunition were transferred, and to two of which the trails of our two small field-pieces were fastened and thus dragged along. The messengers I had sent the previous night into the village round Fort Garry met me here with the assurance that Riel and his gang were still there awaiting anxiously the arrival of Bishop Taché, who was hourly expected. It was confidently asserted that he meant to fight. He had just distributed ammunition—stolen from the Hudson Bay Company’s stores—amongst his followers, had had the fort guns loaded, and had closed the gates. I subsequently

THE RED RIVER REBELLION

learned that he and his henchman, a common fellow named Donoghue, had started from Fort Garry during the night to find out where I was and what I was about. But the very heavy rain they encountered was too much for them, and, being afraid of capture by our outposts in the dark, they had gone back to the fort as wise as they had left it.

“Our march, though short, was very trying from



MAIN STREET, WINNIPEG, 1870

the heavy rain and the deep mud we had to plough through. But, as all the people we met assured the men we should have a fight, these small and disagreeable drawbacks were ignored.

“Fort Garry stands upon the left bank of the Red River, where the Assiniboine falls into it. The fort itself is a high stone-walled square enclosure, with a large circular tower at each of its four corners. The village of Winnipeg—mostly of wooden houses—was nearly half a mile to the north of the fort, and

CANADA TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

south of it, at about a couple of hundred yards distance, was a boat bridge over the Assiniboine. My object, therefore, was by circling round west of the fort to obtain possession of that bridge, or at least to command it with my fire. I should then have Riel and company in the right angle inclosed between the two rivers. Our skirmishers in their advance captured a few of Riel's so-called councillors, who were bolting in buggies and other means of conveyance.

"As I watched the muzzles of the fort guns, I confess that I hoped each moment to see a flash and to hear a round shot rush by me. I knew they had no shells, and that they did not know how to use them if they had had any. But in the rain, and in the thick atmosphere when the rain ceased for a little, it was difficult to see, even through our glasses, if there were men at the guns or not. I sent a few officers who had obtained ponies round the fort to see what was going on in rear of it. They soon returned with the news that Riel had bolted, and that the fort gates were open. It was a sad disappointment to all ranks. . . . But, though we did not catch the fellow, we had successfully carried out the task that was given us. . . .

"We dragged out some of the guns in Fort Garry, upon which Riel had relied so much, and with them fired a Royal salute when the Union Jack was run up the flagstaff. From it had hung for months before the rebel flag that had been worked by the nuns of the convent attached to Bishop Taché's cathedral, and presented by them to Riel."¹

¹ From Viscount Wolseley's *The Story of a Soldier's Life*, published by Messrs. Constable and Co. Ltd., by permission.

THE RED RIVER REBELLION

The leaders of the rebellion were punished, and Riel, who had fled to the valleys of the Assiniboine River, was declared an outlaw. Little is known of him until he appeared in 1885 at the head of a rebellion in the distant valleys of the Saskatchewan. The arrival of white settlers and officers surveying the land for homesteads had alarmed the half-breeds dwelling near the junction of the North and South



THE ASSINIBOINE RIVER

Saskatchewan rivers, and, failing to obtain satisfaction, they took up arms. Riel placed himself at their head, and, adopting the name of David, he declared that he was a Messiah sent to drive out the white man and restore the land to the red man. Riel induced a famous Cree chief, named Big Bear, and others to join him, and then declared himself president of a Saskatchewan republic. A small force of mounted police and volunteers from the village of Prince Albert was defeated by the rebels, and farther to the west, a fierce band of Cree Indians swooped down upon the settlement of Frog Lake,

CANADA TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

slaying almost all the settlers. The white people for many miles round took refuge in the village of Battleford where they were closely besieged by the rebels. Many of the tribes remained loyal to the British Crown in spite of all temptations to join in the rising, but there were sufficient half-breeds and Indians on the war-path to throw the whole territory into confusion. Unfortunately there was no regular army in the Dominion to deal with the revolt, but bodies of volunteers from Eastern Canada and Manitoba hurried westward, and after several tough fights the rebellion was put down. After the defeat of his party, Riel was captured and speedily brought to execution, together with the chiefs who had taken part in the massacres and raids.

CHAPTER XI

ENTERING THE ROCKIES IN 1872

THE idea of connecting the eastern and western provinces by means of a railway over the Rocky Mountains was conceived as early as the middle of the nineteenth century. Sandford Fleming, the engineer-in-chief of the Canadian Pacific and Inter-colonial Railways made an expedition through Canada in 1872 ; he was accompanied by Rev. George M. Grant, who served as secretary to the undertaking, and from whose diary—*Ocean to Ocean*—the following passage is taken. The railway was to be begun in 1873, but, owing to the difficulties encountered, it was not commenced till 1880 under contract to be finished in 1891. The zeal of the engineers and workmen, and the co-operation of the workmen enabled the contractors to complete the work in half the stipulated time.

“September 10. Few thought of plants to-day or of anything but the mountains that stood in massive grandeur, thirty miles ahead, but on account of the morning light, in which every point came out clear, seemingly just on the other side of each new patch of wood or bit of prairie before us. They rose bold and abrupt five or six thousand feet from the wooded

CANADA TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

country at their feet, the western verge of the plains, the elevation of which was over three thousand feet additional above the sea, and formed in long unbroken line across our path, save where cleft in the centre down to their very feet, by the chasm that the Athabasca, long ago forced, or found for itself. 'There are no Rocky Mountains,' has been the



BRULE LAKE, ATHABASCA

remark of many a disappointed traveller by the Union and Central Pacific Railways. The remark will never be made by those who travel on the Canadian Pacific; there was no ambiguity about these being mountains, nor about where they commenced. The line was as defined, and the scarp as clear, as if they had been hewn and chiselled for a fortification. The summits on one side of the Athabasca were serrated, looking sharp as the teeth of a saw; on the other, the Roche à Myette, immediately behind the first

134

THE ROCKIES IN 1872

line, reared a great solid unbroken cube, two thousand feet high ; and, before and beyond it, away to the south and west, extended ranges with bold summits and sides scooped deep, and corries far down, where formerly the wood buffalo, and the elk, and now the moose, bighorn, and bear find shelter. There was nothing fantastic about the mountain forms. Everything was imposing.



HALF-CLEARED GROUND

“The scene had its effect on the whole party. As we wound in Indian file along the sinuous trail, that led across grassy basfords under the shadow of the mountains that were still a day’s journey distant, not a word was heard, nor a cry to the horses for the first half-hour. Before us, at times, a grove of dark green spruce, and beyond the sombre wood, the infinitely more sombre grey of the mountains ; where the wood had been burnt, the bare blackened poles seemed to be only a screen hung before, half revealing,

CANADA TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

half concealing, what was beyond. The mountains dwarfed and relieved everything else. There was less snow than had appeared yesterday, the explanation being that the first and least elevated mountain range only was before us now that we were near, whereas, when at a greater distance, many of the higher summits beyond had been visible.

“ Little progress was made for the next two hours, but the mountain air told so on our appetites, that at midday a halt of an hour and a half was imperatively demanded, although it had to be on the borders of a swamp among blackened poles. After dinner we resumed the march, and soon crossed another prairie river, formed apparently by the union of three streamlets, winding by different valleys down a wooded range that lies at the foot of the mountains, and extends east by north for some distance. The view of the mountains all this afternoon more than made up for the difficulties of the road. Instead of being clearly outlined, cold, and grey as in the morning, they appeared indistinct through a warm deep blue haze ; we had come nearer, but they seemed to have removed further back.

“ When on the other side of Prairie River, the wooded range from which it flowed was on our left, and the high wooded hills beyond the Athabasca on our right. Woods and hills in front closed up the lower part of the gorge from which the Athabasca issued, and completely divided the Rocky Mountains into two ranges, right and left ; thus an amphitheatre of mountains closed round while we were making for the open that yawned right in front.

“ At 4.30 P.M., the order was given to camp. This

THE ROCKIES IN 1872

was to be our last night on the plains. To-morrow night we would be in the embrace of the mountains.

“September 11. Away this morning at 6.15 A.M., and halted at 1 P.M., after crossing the Rivière de Violon or Fiddle river, when fairly inside the first range. It was a grand morning for mountain



ON THE TRAIL TO WHITEMAN'S PASS, TROUT LAKE, ALBERTA

scenery. For the first three hours the trail continued at some distance east from the valley of the Athabasca, among wooded hills, now ascending, now descending, but on the whole with an upward slope, across creeks where the ground was invariably boggy, over fallen timber, where infinite patience was required on the part of horse and man. Suddenly it opened out on a lakelet, and right in front a semi-circle of five glorious mountains appeared. For

CANADA TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

half a mile down from their summits, no tree, shrub, or plant covered the nakedness of the three that the old trappers had thought worthy of names; and a clothing of vegetation would have marred their massive grandeur. The first three were so near, and towered up so boldly, that their full forms, even to the long shadows on them, were reflected clearly in the lakelet, next to the rushes and spruce of its own shores.

“The road now descended rapidly from the summit of the wooded hill that we had so slowly gained, to the valley of the Athabasca. As it wound from point to point among the tall dark green spruces, and over rose bushes and vetches, the soft blue of the mountains gleamed through everywhere, and when the woods parted, the mighty column of Roche à Perdrix towered a mile above our heads, scuds of clouds kissing its snowy summit. We were entering the magnificent Jasper portals of the Rocky Mountains by a quiet path winding between groves of trees and rich lawns like an English gentleman’s park.

“Soon the Rivière de Violon was heard brawling round the base of Roche à Perdrix and rushing on like a true mountain torrent to the Athabasca. We stopped to drink to the Queen out of its clear ice-cold waters, and halted for dinner in a grove on the other side of it, thoroughly excited and awed by the grand forms that had begirt our path for the last three hours. We could sympathize with the enthusiast, who returned home after years of absence, and when asked what he had as an equivalent for so much lost time, answered—‘I have seen the Rocky Mountains.’

THE ROCKIES IN 1872

“There was a delay of three hours at dinner, because the horses, as if allured by the genii of the mountains, had wandered more than a mile up the valley ; but at four o'clock all was in order again and the march resumed. A wooded hill that threw itself out between Roches à Perdrix and à Myette had first to be rounded. This hill narrowed the valley, and forced the trail near the river. When fairly round it, Roche à Myette came full into view, and the trail led along its base.

“A good photographer would make a name and perhaps a fortune, if he came up here and took views. At every step we longed for a camera. On the opposite side of the river a valley opened to the north, along the sides of which rose mountain after mountain with clearly defined outlines. On the same side, the range from Roche Ronde was continued further up the Athabasca by a hump-shaped rock, and then by a vast mass, like a quadrilateral rampart, with only two sides of the square visible, the sides furrowed deep, but the line of the summit unbroken. At the base of this is Jasper's House, and opposite Roche Jacques showed as great a mass, with two snow-clad peaks, while the horizon beyond seemed a continuous bank of snow on mountain ranges. But the most wonderful object was Roche à Myette, right above us on our left. Mighty must have been the forces that upreared and shaped such a monument. As we passed this old warder of the valley, the sun was setting behind Roche Suette. A warm south-west wind as it came in contact with the snowy summit formed heavy clouds, that threw long black shadows, and threatened rain ; but the

CANADA TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

wind carried them past to empty their buckets on the woods and prairies.

"It was time to camp, but where? The chief, Beaupré, and Brown rode ahead to see if the river was fordable. The rest followed, going down to the bank and crossing to an island formed by a slew of the river, to avoid a steep rock, the trail along which was fit only for chamois or bighorn. Here



JASPER HOUSE AND TRAPPERS

we were soon joined by the three who had ridden ahead, and who brought back word that the Athabasca looked ugly, but was still subsiding, and might be fordable in the morning. It was decided to camp on the spot, and send the horses back a mile for feed. The resources of the island would not admit of our light cotton sheet being stretched as an overhead shelter, so we selected the lee side of a dwarf aspen thicket, and spread our blankets on the gravel, a good fire being made in front to cook our supper and keep our feet warm through

THE ROCKIES IN 1872

the night. Some of us sat up late, watching the play of the moonlight on the black clouds that drifted about her troubled face, as she hung over Roche Jacques ; and then we stretched ourselves out to sleep, on our rough but enviable couch, rejoicing in the open sky for a canopy, and in the circle of great mountains that formed the walls of our indescribably magnificent bed-chamber. It had been a day long to be remembered.”¹

¹ By permission of Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston and Co., Ltd.

CHAPTER XII

HUNTING THE BUFFALO

AT dawn we were *en route* again, and toward noon approached the Sandy Hills, the valley continuing about one hundred and forty feet deep and maintaining its width. Two days before our arrival the Indians had been running buffalo, and many carcasses of these animals were scattered over the arid, treeless plain through which our route lay. Several herds of buffalo were visible wending their way in single file to the Grand Coteau de Missouri, distinctly looming south of the Qu'Appelle Valley. After travelling through a dry, barren region until 2 P.M., we arrived at the lake of the Sandy Hills, and on the opposite side of the valley saw a number of tents, with many horses feeding in the flats. When within a mile of the lake, a buffalo bull suddenly appeared upon the brow of a little hill on our right. A finer sight of its kind could hardly be imagined. The animal was in his prime, and a magnificent specimen of a buffalo. He gazed at us through the long hair which hung over his eyes in thick profusion, pawed the ground, tossed his head and snorted in proud disdain. He was not more than fifty yards from us, and while we were admiring his

HUNTING THE BUFFALO

splendid proportions he set off at a gallop towards some low hills we had just passed over.

“Our appearance on the brink of the valley opposite the tents surprised the Indians. They quickly caught their horses, and about twenty galloped across the valley, here quite dry, and in a quarter of an hour were seated in friendly chat with the half-breeds. When the men were going to the lake for



INDIAN TEPEES

water to make some tea, the Indians told us it was salt, and that the only fresh water within a distance of some miles was close to their camp on the opposite side of the valley. We were therefore constrained to cross the other side and erect our tents near to the spring. Although still early in the afternoon, the difficulty of obtaining water and fuel, as well as a desire to procure a guide from the Indians, induced us to camp at the east end of Sand Hill Lake with the Crees by whom we were surrounded.

“Scarcely had we made a distribution of tobacco

CANADA TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

and tea, when a buffalo bull, appearing on the opposite side of the valley near where we had passed in the morning, afforded one of the young Indians an opportunity of showing his skill and bravery in attacking this formidable animal single-handed and on foot, a conflict which we witnessed through a good telescope from our camp on the south side of the valley.

“Armed with bow and arrows, neatly feathered with the plumes of the wild duck, and headed with a barb fashioned from a bit of iron hoop, the young Plain Cree threw off his leather hunting-shirt, jumped on a horse and hurried across the valley. Dismounting at the foot of the bank, he rapidly ascended its steep sides, and just before reaching the top, cautiously approached a large boulder which lay on the brink and crouched behind it.

“The buffalo was within forty yards of the spot where the Indian crouched, and slowly approaching the valley, leisurely cropped the tufts of parched herbage which the sterile soil was capable of supporting. When within twenty yards of the Indian the bull raised his head, snuffed the air, and began to paw the ground. Lying at full length, the Indian sent an arrow into the side of his antagonist. The bull shook his head and mane, planted his fore feet firmly in front of him, and looked from side to side in search of his unseen foe, who, after driving the arrow, had again crouched behind the boulder.

Soon, however, observing the fixed attitude of the bull, a sure sign that he was severely wounded, he stepped on one side and showed himself. The bull instantly charged, but when within five yards of his

HUNTING THE BUFFALO

nimble enemy, the Indian sprang lightly behind the boulder, and the bull plunged headlong down the hill, receiving after he had passed the Indian a second arrow in his flanks. As soon as he reached the bottom he fell on his knees, and looked over his shoulder at his wary antagonist, who, however, speedily followed and observing the bull's helpless



BUFFALO BULL

condition sat on the ground within a few yards of him and waited for the death-gasp. After one or two efforts to rise, the huge animal drooped his head and gave up the strife. The Indian was at his side without a moment's pause, cut out his tongue, caught his horse—an excited spectator of the conflict—and galloping across the valley, handed me the trophy of his success.

“On the morning of the 29th we prepared to visit the main body of the Crees at the Sandy Hills, and,

CANADA TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

with a view to securing a favourable reception, sent a messenger to announce our arrival, and to express a wish to see Mis-tick-ocs, their chief. Soon after breakfast we crossed the valley, and at eight o'clock we came in sight of the Cree camp. Soon afterwards messengers arrived from Mis-tick-ocs, in reply to the announcement we had transmitted to him of our approach, expressing a hope that we would delay our visit until they had moved their camp half a mile farther west, where the odour of the putrid buffalo would be less annoying. We employed the time ascertaining the exact position of the Heights of Land, an operation which we soon found it necessary to close for the present, in consequence of the arrival of about sixty Cree horsemen, many of them naked with the exception of the breech cloth and belt. They were accompanied by the chief's son, who informed us that in an hour's time they would escort us to the camp.

"They were about constructing a new pound, having literally filled the present one with buffalo. We sat on the ground and smoked, until they thought it time for us to accompany them to their encampment. Mis-tick-ocs had hurried away to make preparations for 'bringing in the buffalo,' the new pound being nearly ready. He expressed, through his son, a wish that we should see them entrap the buffalo in this pound, a rare opportunity few would be willing to lose.

"We passed through the camp to a place which the chief's son pointed out, and there erected our tents. The women were still employed in moving the camp, being assisted in the operation by large numbers

HUNTING THE BUFFALO

of dogs, each dog having two poles harnessed to him, on which his little load of meat, pemmican, or camp furniture was laid. After another smoke, the chief's son asked me, through the interpreter, if I would like to see the old buffalo pound, in which they had been entrapping buffalo during the past week. With a ready compliance I accompanied the guide to a little valley between sand hills, through a lane of branches of trees, which are called 'dead men,' to the gate or trap of the pound.

"A horrible sight broke upon us as we ascended a sand dune overhanging the little dell in which the pound was built. Within a circular fence one hundred and twenty feet broad, constructed of the trunks of trees, laced with withes together, and braced by outside supports, lay tossed in every conceivable position over two hundred dead buffalo. From old bulls to calves of three months old, animals of every age were huddled together in all the forced attitudes of violent death. The Indians looked upon the scene with evident delight, and told how such and such a bull or cow had exhibited feats of wonderful strength in the death-struggle. The flesh of many of the cows had been taken from them, and was drying in the sun on stages near the tents. At my request the chief's son jumped into the pound, and with a small axe knocked off half a dozen pair of horns, which I wished to preserve in memory of this terrible slaughter. 'To-morrow,' said my companion, 'you shall see us bring in the buffalo to the new pound.'

"After the first 'run,' ten days before our arrival, the Indians had driven about two hundred buffalo into the enclosure, and were still urging on the

CANADA TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

remainder of the herd, when one wary old bull, espying a narrow crevice which had not been closed by the robes of those on the outside, whose duty it was to conceal every orifice, made a dash and broke the fence. The whole body then ran helter-skelter through the gap, and dispersing among the sand dunes, escaped, with the exception of eight who were speared or shot with arrows as they passed in their mad career. In all, two hundred and forty animals had been killed in the pound, and it was its offensive condition which led the reckless and wasteful savages to construct a new one. This was formed in a pretty dell between sand hills, about half a mile from the first ; and leading from it in two diverging rows, the bushes they designate 'dead men,' and which serve to guide the buffalo when at full speed, were arranged. The 'dead men' extended a distance of four miles into the prairie, west of and beyond the sand hills. They were placed about fifty feet apart, and between the extremity of the rows might be a distance of from one mile and a half to two miles.

"When the skilled hunters are about to bring in a herd of buffalo from the prairie, they direct the course of the gallop of the alarmed animals by confederates stationed in hollows or small depressions, who, when the buffalo appear inclined to take a direction leading from the space marked out by the 'dead men,' show themselves for a moment and wave their robes, immediately hiding again. This to turn the buffalo slightly in another direction, and when the animals, having arrived between the rows of bushes, endeavour to pass through them, Indians here and there stationed behind a 'dead man' go through the same operation,

HUNTING THE BUFFALO

and thus keep the animals within the narrowing limits of the converging lines. At the entrance to the pound there is a strong trunk of a tree placed about one foot from the ground, and on the inner side an excavation is made sufficiently deep to prevent the buffalo from leaping back when once in the pound. As soon as the animals have taken the fatal spring they begin to gallop round and round the ring fence, looking for a chance of escape ; but with the utmost silence, women and children on the outside hold their robes before every orifice until the whole herd is brought in ; they then climb to the top of the fence, and, with the hunters who have followed closely in the rear of the buffalo, spear or shoot with bows and arrows or fire-arms at the bewildered animals, rapidly becoming frantic with rage and terror within the narrow limits of the pound.

“ At noon on the 30th, I bade farewell to Mis-tick-oos, and joining the carts, we wended our way by the side of ‘ the River that Turns,’ occupying the continuation of the Qu’Appelle Valley, to the south branch of the Saskatchewan. Toward evening we all arrived at the south branch, built a fire, gummed the canoe, which had been sadly damaged by a journey of seven hundred miles across the prairies, and hastened to make a distribution of the supplies for a canoe voyage down that splendid river.”¹

¹ From *The Narrative of the Canadian Exploring Expeditions of 1857 and 1858*, by Henry Y. Hind.

CHAPTER XIII

FISHING AND CAMPING ON THE FRENCH RIVER

WANDERING along an endless corridor in the Windsor Street Station of the Canadian Pacific Railway, I studied the titles of the various officials upon the various doors in search of some one who would give me information. At last I came to one entitled 'Tourist, Colonization, and Industrial Agent,' and so I 'butted in,' as they say over here.

The individual who had this lengthy title offered his hand, and asked me if he would be of any assistance. 'Yes,' I replied, 'I want to know all about Canada in two minutes.'

'One minute is enough,' he answered. 'Here are eight lines that sum up the country as it is to-day :

Now the roads are good and hard
For our buggy tires,
And the fish is swimming lazy,
Waiting for the liars.
And the cows are coming home,
As the frogs sing in the pools,
And the pretty girls are sitting
On their three-legged milking stools.

FISHING AND CAMPING

“ ‘Thank you,’ I said, when he had finished. ‘Now tell me where the fish are swimming laziest.’ The Tourist, Colonization and Industrial Agent smiled upon me, and handed me a pamphlet, the exact title of which I forget, but which invited the reader to make tracks for the French River, north of Toronto, where one Martin H. Fenton, of Pickerel, Ontario, supplied guides, canoes, camping outfit, and all that was necessary for two persons at an inclusive charge of \$9, or 36s. a day. This was just the information I required. I had a friend awaiting me in Toronto, so to Toronto I went, caught the friend, purchased some fishing-tackle—a rod, spoon-bait, and minnows—and at about five o’clock one misty morning dropped off the C.P.R. train at Pickerel Landing.

“This was a bare rock, on which the railway has not yet had time to build a station or even a platform. However, ‘the hotel,’ as our sleeping-car porter called it, was within shouting distance; so ‘Ahoy, Ahoy!’ we shouted, and in two minutes *Touf, Touf!* came the sound of a motor boat, and in ten minutes more we and our traps were landed at Mr. Fenton’s headquarters.

“Have you ever known the delights of camping in the Canadian way?—of hearing the axe in the deep forest heralding the camp fire?—of watching your Indian guide frying over the burning logs the fish you have caught?—of listening to the ‘lap, lap’ of the river and the whirring song of the cicada?—of breathing the fragrant air of spruce, and following the moon as she soars over the dark silhouette of trees into the vault of starry night? Have you ever

CANADA TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

stumbled into your tent and found there a delicious bed of tamarisk boughs wooing to slumber, or wakened with the sunrise to another day of glorious life? If not, you have still to learn the last joy of living. The European traveller may spend his summer in hotels, but the most luxurious hotel, amid the



INDIAN GUIDE, FRYING THE DAY'S CATCH

most perfect scenery, cannot compare with the delicious hours that come to one camping in the Canadian way on the banks of one of those hundred thousand rivers or lakes that are the free inheritance of the Canadian people. It is a mistake to think that camping-out means nothing but pemmican and biscuits. There are innumerable semi-prepared foods for campers which require only a little extra cooking—milk comes in the guise of evaporated

FISHING AND CAMPING

cream—delicious unsweetened nectar that no cow need be ashamed of—peaches, pineapples, pears, form one's daily dessert. If you want more than these stay at home.

“The French River was not mentioned in the school geography of twenty years ago, but it is a healthy-sized river for all that—half a mile across where we pitched our camps. The fish were swimming right lazily until they felt our hooks, and on the very first afternoon our two rods landed eighteen pounds—and the fish we missed! Anyhow, within four days we could honestly claim 51lb.

Bass and pickerel, pike and catfish, were the common haul, of which bass and catfish were the gamest, while bass and pickerel made the daintiest eating. But the warrior of these waters is the muskallonge or lunge. We had the thrill of hooking one of these, of seeing a rod bent double and a canoe almost capsized, of hearing the joyous war-cry of Indian Bill, our guide, of watching the line reel out for a hundred yards and then slack as our quarry leapt in a silver swirl a yard out of the water. Indian Bill paddled furiously for the shore, and by careful playing we got the brute within a yard of land. Bill dashed forward with the net too soon, for with another wild leap the muskallonge had broken loose. No doubt he is now the pride and admiration of his tribe, who envy him the gaudy spoon-bait that now adorns his gills.

“Although our school geographies knew nothing of the French River, it has its place in the history of Canada and of the British Empire. It owes its name to Champlain and the first French pioneers

CANADA TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

of three hundred years ago, who made this their way to the Great Lakes from the sea. The route they followed is almost paralleled by the main line of the



FISHING, CANADIAN RIVER

Canadian Pacific up the St. Lawrence, the Ottawa, and the Mattawa to Lake Nipissing and the French River to Georgian Bay.

“Very little change has marked the banks of this great waterway since the days of Champlain. Here and there a lumber camp has laid waste the lofty

154

FISHING AND CAMPING

piners. The intermittent camps of the Chippeways are now less picturesque, the tepees yielding place to the log cabin or the shack, and the Indian having changed his paint and feathers for the modern shirt and trousers. But here still is the haunt of wild nature—the bear, the otter, the beaver, the marten, and the lynx. As our canoe crept up a side stream a flock of wild duck would scuttle across our track, and a heron leisurely escaped us. As evening fell the loon would mock us with his shrill melancholy note.”¹

¹ By J. M. Gibbon, by permission of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company.

CHAPTER XIV

A WINTER WITH THE LUMBERERS

WE started again at daybreak over similar country, but there was more wood; and near the river we saw stumps of many thousands of felled trees. As we advanced the timber became finer, more various, and in greater quantity. The hovels of the timber-fellers, also, were pretty numerous, and we stopped at one for the mid-day meal, consisting of ship's biscuit and salt pork.

“These lumberers' hovels are most wretched affairs. They are generally a shed erected over a hollow in the ground, and are so low pitched that it is impossible to stand upright in them. They are in fact, like great dog-kennels, and you have to stoop doubled up to enter the hole which, by courtesy, is called the door. Inside, the floor is strewn with spruce boughs which serve for seats and beds, and there is really no furniture. Some fastidious fellow may, perhaps, have a rough three-legged stool to sit on, but anything like a table I never saw. The cooking is done outside in the open air, no matter how sharp the weather is; and at night-time, if the fire is required, it is made opposite the entrance to the hovel; but the men depend for warmth mostly on lying close

WITH THE LUMBERERS

together, literally heaped in a mass under blankets and rugs.

“ Before daybreak the men were aroused by Johnny blowing a horn—the most horrid-toned horn I ever heard. Everybody was on his pins in an instant, for everybody went to bed in his clothes ; and breakfast being ready before the horn was sounded,



LUMBERING, BRITISH COLUMBIA

every man set to at once to consume his coffee and pork and damper. Johnny was an expert at preparing the latter ; and nobody troubled that he licked his fingers every time that he burned them, and forgot to wipe them before he handled the food. The breakfast was eaten within the grateful warmth and red light of huge pine-branch fires, and was a wildly picturesque scene. Every man had to finish

CANADA TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

his meal before there was daylight enough for him to work by, that there might be no loss of time. By daybreak every man was wielding his heavy axe as if working against time.

“I was not without a little experience, and I determined to be no idler. But behold the mighty ‘Irish Mike.’ Standing by a pine, two feet in diameter, he raises his huge felling axe, and brings it down with a thud that echoes and re-echoes through the dim glades of the forest. First a cut sloping upward, and then one sloping downward, and the wedge-shaped chips fly about with a velocity and force that warn the onlooker to stand clear. Those long wiry arms of Mike’s never cease motion, but sway up and down with steady beat, ‘chip, chop, chip, chop,’ until the great tree nods to its fall; and then, with one powerful horizontal stroke, delivered straight into the nick, the woodman finishes his work and slays the tree that has breathed the sweet air of perfect freedom for centuries.

“Like other trades, there are tricks in that of a lumberer. The choice of the axe is all-important. There is as much in the length and proper curve of the handle as there is in the selection of any other tool; and the weight of the head should be proportioned to the strength of the wielder. The heavier the axe the better, provided the woodman’s strength is not over tasked. Then again, the cut, though delivered in a sloping direction, must be perfectly straight in the line of the blow, otherwise a great part of its effect is lost. Another point is to hit in the right place; the lumberer must be a marksman—must have a true eye. It takes years to make a thoroughly good

158

WITH THE LUMBERERS

lumberer. Such, however, will fell a tree two feet in diameter within ten minutes.

“The tree once down must be cleared of branches, and this work I largely engaged in, as do beginners generally, for the sake of the practice. I may add that my first day’s work gave me a dreadful attack of lumbago ; but the benign Mike and the heathen Chinnee between them, stripped me and rubbed me for an hour, before a blazing fire, with bear’s grease ; and in a day or two I resumed work, and ultimately could swing my axe from morn till night with the hardest of them. But it is fearful work. The excessive labour and rough living will, and does, cripple the most vigorous in a very few years ; yet once a lumberer, always a lumberer. The men love the wild life, and few ever leave it until they leave the world.

“At the present day I believe that tree-felling, both in Canada and other parts of America, is mostly performed by hand-saws. This must be on account of the scarcity of skilled axe-men. For a good lumberer will bring down his tree as speedily, at least, as two men with a saw. However the tree is felled, the branches etc., are always piled in great heaps and destroyed by fire. The reflection from these burning piles can sometimes be seen for nearly a hundred miles ; and the odour of the burning wood can also be perceived at an immense distance. Sometimes the fire from the burning piles catches the standing wood, and then a deplorable waste of timber takes place, hundreds of square miles being devastated.

“The spring thaws began in April, and the men, abandoning their axes, were busily engaged dragging

CANADA TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

the logs to the banks of the stream and throwing them down to be floated to Tadoussac by the current. Tens of thousands of logs are thus sent down ; and are generally sawn into planks at the mills before being shipped. Indeed the mills are at work all the winter, and the ships are loaded and ready to sail as soon as the ice breaks up. So the logs of this year will probably not be shipped until next season.



LUMBER RAFT, ON ST. JOHN RIVER

“The throwing the logs down the steep banks is the hardest, and also the most picturesque, part of the lumberers’ labour. It is not performed until the ice breaks ; otherwise the logs would jam, and form barriers in the narrow parts of the stream, an accident which does sometimes happen, and gives a lot of trouble. Though the logs have sometimes to float hundreds of miles to the place where they are formed into rafts, very few, if any, of them are lost.”¹

¹ From *The Great North-West*, by Paul Fountain ; by permission of Messrs. Longmans, Green and Co.

CHAPTER XV

ACROSS CANADA BY THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

I inhale great draughts of space,
The east and the west are mine, and the
north and the south are mine.

CANADA is a country of such varied scenery that it offers the traveller an endless choice—he has his pick of plains or precipices, forests or vast fields of wheat, quiet rivers or foaming torrents, the busy life of towns like Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg or Vancouver, or the waters of some placid lake remote from the hum of cities. In the Rockies and the Selkirks he is face to face with a panorama of such majesty that the world acquires for him a new significance.

To those whose hearts are swayed by the romance of history, the rails that link Atlantic with Pacific carry a peculiar charm. The main track of the Canadian Pacific runs parallel with the route of the old French pioneers, up the valleys of the St. Lawrence, the Ottawa, and the Mattawa, to Lake Nipissing. From that point it was itself the pioneer, the builder of that Canada which has become the lodestar of the nations. “From sea to sea the rails stretch

CANADA TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

across a mighty continent for over three thousand miles. They break through dense forests, they follow the marge of storm-swept lakes, they leap loud-thundering torrents, they cut through wide-stretching cities, they strike across interminable prairie, they climb wind-sculptured mountains, they descend from glacial beds and peaks of purring snow to fruitful valleys laden with summer fragrance, and they cease only on the shores of a far ocean, where ships tarry for the freightage they bring from an alien sea."

Before the Canadian Pacific Railway was built, the Dominion of Canada lay disunited and weak ; its resources were unknown, its richest territories were regarded as bleak, worthless deserts. But since that not distant time the Provinces have been bound together, inexhaustible wealth has been brought to light, and the prairies have begun to teem with the vanguard of the millions who, in the future, will people them with a prosperous and healthy nation.

We board the train at St. John, one of the two winter ports of Canada, and the terminus for five months of the year of the Canadian Pacific steamships. From November to the end of March all the commerce of the Dominion seeks an outlet on the actual sea-board of the Atlantic. For this St. John is peculiarly fitted by Nature. It is an important fishing-centre, the seat of the lumber trade, with large shipbuilding works and factories. Here passengers disembark during the winter time when the St. Lawrence River is practically frozen over, and take train for Montreal, Winnipeg, or whatever their destination is.

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

We pass on through the delightful city of Quebec to Montreal, but we must leave our visit to these towns to be described in another chapter. Montreal



SUSPENSION BRIDGE, ST. JOHN, N.B.

is the headquarters of the railway system of Canada. From here to Vancouver is three thousand miles, with nearly four hundred stations, and from Windsor Street Station starts, every night of the year at half-past ten, the famous train called No 1, or

CANADA TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

“ Imperial Limited,”—a great trans-continental train which covers the distance to the Pacific coast in a hundred and five hours, thirty minutes.

Soon we reach Toronto, often called the “ Queen City ” of the Dominion. It is the chief town of the province of Ontario, and is situated on Lake Ontario. It has immense manufacturing establishments, and some of the largest commercial houses in the country. Its educational institutions are widely known. Its people are nearly all of English or Scotch extraction, but while the city has strongly marked British characteristics, it is distinctively American in the intensity of its activity and energy. It is the second city in point of size in Canada, and between it and Montreal there exists something of that commercial rivalry which is said to mark the relations of Liverpool and Manchester.

After leaving Ottawa we have begun our journey in earnest. The line takes a north-westerly direction through the river districts immortalized in the *Song of Hiawatha*, and skirts the northern shore of Lake Superior. The construction of this section was one of the most stupendous engineering feats of modern times. Here and there the line overhangs the shore of the lake, which, by the way, is about as big as England, or dives through tunnels hewn out of the solid rock. At length, in the north-west corner of the lake, one reaches Fort William, the port from which all the grain harvest is yearly shipped. The chief industry of the town is at once proclaimed by the huge grain elevators that tower beside the wharves. These four elevators together have a capacity for six million bushels. The wheat



TORONTO

CANADA TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

grown in Manitoba and Saskatchewan is transported to Fort William by rail, and transferred to the big steamers which ply between here and Owen Sound, at the east end of Lake Huron, whence it finds its way via Montreal to the hungry millions of Europe. Fort William was formerly a very important Hudson Bay Company's post, and the great rendezvous of the hunters, voyageurs and chief factors of the Company.

Winnipeg—one of the most wonderful cities of the world—is a revelation to the Britisher. It has the most delightful parks and suburbs and broad streets; and it has a charm of its own which is hardly to be met with elsewhere. Its development during little more than a quarter of a century has been phenomenal; in 1887 it had a population of less than 10,000, and now it can boast its 152,000 souls. Winnipeg swears by bigness, and big it must be at all hazards. It is the third largest city in the Dominion, and, with all its public buildings, banks, stores, gigantic newspaper offices, electric street cars, and hotels, it is the business centre of the whole of the West. Winnipeg is the point whence come all the supplies from the East to be distributed throughout the Territories, and all the products of the West for transmission to the East. Here, too, are the Immigration Offices into which newly arrived settlers pour at the rate of about 250,000 per annum, to find places on farms, or at railway construction, or to seek advice as to where they should take up land or what kind of farming they should adopt.

We are now on the verge of the great West, the future granary of the world. The prairie begins to open

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

out on either side stretching from Winnipeg to the Rockies, a distance of seven hundred miles, and from the international boundary between Canada and the United States due north for at least three hundred miles. Moreover, still further north is a vast region, the agricultural possibilities of which are only just



STREET IN WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

beginning to be realized. How wide, how tremendous is the range of vision ! Through prairie and mountain gorge, over dizzy heights and at the side of foaming torrents, by day and by night, day after day, night after night, on, on, we race in this amazing journey from sea to sea.

From Winnipeg, in Manitoba, we continue our journey into the Province of Saskatchewan, the

CANADA TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

capital of which is Regina. Regina is another instance of a fast growing Western city. It is the headquarters of the famous Royal North-West Mounted Police.

Continuing our journey we find ourselves in Calgary, a town which used to be the home of the horse-traffic in Canada, but now owes its prosperity more to the great irrigation scheme of the Canadian Pacific Railway, under which some millions of acres of ranch land have been converted into fertile farms. It is itself a flourishing city beautifully situated on the Bow River, and it is the commercial centre for the trade with Eastern British Columbia and the great lands to the north. Just before arriving at Calgary a first glimpse of the Rocky Mountains is obtained.

When we have got as far as Calgary, we have reached the end of the prairies. The great stretch of level country, the immense distances fading away in the purple horizon, the seeming eternity of plain, cease, and the rolling grassy foothills of the Rockies succeed, glorious in their spaciousness and exhilarating air, and rising tier behind tier to the base of the great range of which they are the mere outposts. For nearly five hundred miles the railway threads its way through stupendous mountain ranges, and we are lost in admiration as we gaze down narrow, deep cañons through which hundreds of feet below rushing torrents foam their way. Mr. Edward Wympere, the celebrated Alpinist, declared after a visit to Canada that the Rockies were equal to fifty or sixty Switzerlands rolled into one.

The train is now approaching Banff, where

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

many of the passengers will stay; but the way seems blocked by Cascade Mountain. Really it is miles away, but as the line turns toward it, its huge bulk seems, in the clear air, quite close, and one beholds it apparently approaching nearer and nearer with a curious effect. Banff is a delightful spot in the very heart of the mountains. Here the



CASCADE MOUNTAINS, ROCKY MOUNTAINS

Canadian Government has set aside some 5400 square miles as a reserve, to be kept for ever as a National Park, in a natural condition. In it is every kind of scenery. As we gaze down the valley of the lower Bow, we see the water cutting its way through steep, beautifully wooded banks; we see on all sides the huge mountains thrusting their bare, precipitous sides through the trees and dwarfing all beneath, and above all the snow peaks jagged against the

CANADA TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

sky but touched with the clouds, and shining pure and white in their everlasting mantle. In the National Park, the Canadian Government has taken steps to preserve some of the typical animals from extinction. In a corral of eight hundred acres is a herd of buffalo, a mere remnant of the thousands which once covered the plains and even stopped



BUFFALO HERD, BANFF

trains by their numbers. Now indiscriminate slaughter has killed them off, and the only survivors of the race are the herd at Banff.

Resuming our journey, and leaving, with no little reluctance, the neighbourhood of Banff behind, the line continues in a north-westerly direction toward Laggan, in the very heart of the Rockies. Near Laggan are many scenes of the greatest beauty, each valley as it is discovered seeming to add charms

170

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

of its own to a beautiful district. Nine miles past Laggan the Great Divide is crossed, where, 5296 feet above sea level, we are on the very backbone of the continent. A stream parts and sends its waters down either slope. One rivulet flows east and ultimately finds its way into Hudson Bay, while the other makes a shorter journey west to the Pacific Ocean ; and it is quite mere chance whether a single drop of rain falling at this point goes eastward or westward.

About eight miles beyond the Great Divide we reach Field, a small village at the foot of Mount Stephen, a monster 10,500 feet high, and a favourite stopping place for tourists. Near by is the peak, christened the Cathedral, from its bold outlines as it raises its huge bulk heavenward ; and as the two are seen together, the awe-inspiring scale on which these mighty mountains are formed is forcibly, almost terrifically, revealed. At Field the traveller will find that he has to put back his watch an hour, as he did at Fort William and Broad View, for here " Mountain Time " is changed to " Pacific Time."¹

Leaving Field, the train passes through the far-famed Kicking Horse Pass Cañon, and makes its way along the gorge, at the bottom of which the Kicking Horse River boils and foams ; while high overhead on either hand the mighty cliffs rise, their rugged cliffs clear-cut against the sky, seeming to overwhelm the train as it clings to their base. We feel as in the

¹ When it is 12 noon at Montreal, Eastern time, it is 11 o'clock at Winnipeg, Central time ; 10 o'clock at Regina, Mountain time, and 9 o'clock at Vancouver, Pacific time.

CANADA TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

workshop of the world. Nature appears on the most gigantic scale, and one begins to realize what a great conception the Canadian Pacific Railway was. Its construction meant more than money, more than



ILLECILLEWAET GLACIER, SELKIRK RANGE

enterprise ; it meant personal bravery, unquestionable faith, and undaunted optimism.

Proceeding still through this mountainous district we leave the Rocky Mountains and enter the Selkirk Range, arriving at Glacier. The mountain scenery around this district is superb. Running out of the

172

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

Selkirks we cross the Columbia River, and begin to traverse the Gold Range by the valley of the Thompson River. Among the many points of interest we pass, with no time to stop, is Craigellachie, a historic spot where the last spike of the Canadian Pacific Railway was driven in on November 7, 1885,



SALMON FISHERIES, VANCOUVER

the rails from east to west thus being united and the dreams of the pioneers realized.

Just before reaching Yale, we meet and follow the Fraser River, the chief river of British Columbia. The railway crosses and re-crosses it many times before we get to Vancouver at its outlet. The Fraser River has some terrific cañons for us to adventure, in which it seems impossible that there will be sufficient room for railway, river and govern-

CANADA TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

ment road all to pass. However, the gorge widens out at last, and the magnificent stream keeps its course to the ocean in majestic calm, between mountains clothed to their summits with firs.

At length we are at Vancouver ! Founded only in 1886, Vancouver has an air of having been in exis-



CANOEING, VANCOUVER ISLAND

tence at least one hundred years. It is a centre of a number of important interests. It is a magnificent port, and has prosperous sawmills, salmon canneries, halibut fisheries, mining interests, fruit-growing and agricultural industries. The headquarters of the salmon fishing and canning—a very important industry—are at Steveston, near Vancouver. Vancouver, which numbers in population over 120,000,

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

is a well-built and rapidly developing city. It is the terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Passengers wishing to proceed to Victoria, finish their journey by a four hours' steam through the beautiful Straits of Georgia.

Our journey across a land so vast that no fewer than thirty countries the size of the British Isles could be carved out of its ample proportions, is now at an end and we stand at the farthest spot in the Great Dominion. At Vancouver, the child of the Canadian Pacific Railway—for it is to its position as the western terminus of that great line that the city owes its existence—we find the Canadian Pacific still at work, for here their famous "Empress" steamships wait to carry passengers to Australia, China or Japan. The small body of pioneers through whose enterprise and pluck this "new highway to the Orient" became a possibility, were heroes in every sense of the word. To the result of their labours—the Canadian Pacific Railway, the largest railway undertaking in the world—is largely due the present position of Canada as the great nation of the twentieth century.

Compiled, by permission, from the official publications of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company.

CHAPTER XVI

MONTREAL, QUEBEC, AND OTTAWA

THE few pictures that are preserved of early Indian life convey at least but a faint idea of the charm and beauty of the Island of Montreal, as Hochelaga is known to us now. The wooded island, washed by the beautiful St. Lawrence and lapped by the lispings waves of the quiet lake, upon whose calm surface the shell-like barques of the brown-skinned natives of the North rocked gaily in the morning breeze, the fir-clad island hills, the long, low line of the Laurentian Mountains moored in the wilderness to them unknown, made a picture that appealed to the artistic explorers and adventurous voyageurs from the Old World.

And that is why Cartier called it Hochelaga, went away, came back and called again ; why Champlain came and others came to cast their lot in this new land, to build and barter, to trap and traffic, to live and loiter on the great St. Lawrence. And that is why the Honourable Company of Adventurers was conceived, how the Hudson Bay Company was born, and how the white man came to covet this continent.

Montreal is one of the oldest as well as one of the most interesting cities in America. When Cartier

MONTREAL QUEBEC AND OTTAWA

saw the camp for the first time it held some fifty lodges, thrice ringed with pointed palisades, its one port piked and guarded to shut out other savages and civilization. Five years later Cartier called again, but the landing of Champlain, in 1611, marked the real beginning of Montreal. There may be little or nothing in a name, but there is much in the geographical location of a camp, town or city. The shrewd Champlain was quick to recognize in the Royal island the gateway to the wilderness of whose wealth he had already some hints from the Indians. The travel in those days was almost entirely by canoes, and here, at the confluence of the Ottawa with the St. Lawrence, he could hail the trappers as they dropped down stream, and trade with them.

From a small village of fifty lodges in 1535, the place has grown to a city with between 500,000 and 600,000 inhabitants. Its banks and business houses are famous in all America and some of them overseas. The first Young Men's Christian Association in America was organized here, and is a credit to the founders. In McGill University, the city possesses an educational institution equal to the best, and in the Royal Victoria College, a splendid school for women. The Royal Victoria Hospital is one of the best equipped and most richly endowed institutions of the kind on the continent.

This hospital was erected through the generosity of the late Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, and his cousin Lord Mount Stephen, who set apart a sum of a million dollars for this purpose in commemoration of Queen Victoria's jubilee (1887), and subsequently endowed it with a further sum of 800,000 dollars.

CANADA TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

The career of Lord Strathcona was inseparably bound up with the progress of the Dominion. This grand old man of Canada was a sterling example of British grit and perseverance. At the age of eighteen he left his home in Scotland to begin life among Indians in the frozen wilderness as a clerk in the employ of the Hudson Bay Company. Thirty years later (1868) he was promoted to be Governor of its territories, and on the outbreak of the Riel troubles in the Red River district, by his tact, discretion and firmness he succeeded in maintaining peace until the arrival of troops under Wolseley. The promotion and completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway were due almost entirely to his efforts, and on November 7, 1885, at Craigellachie in the Rocky Mountains, 2569 miles west from Montreal, Sir Donald Smith, as he then was, drove the last spike that united the two rails that had been working on toward one another from both oceans, and the dreams of the pioneers were realized.

Lord Strathcona returned to London as Governor of the Hudson Bay Company in 1889, and seven years later became High Commissioner for Canada. In 1897 he was raised to the peerage in recognition of his labours on behalf of the Canadian Dominions. His devotion to the Empire was further manifested on the outbreak of the Boer War, when he raised a force of six hundred men—"Strathcona's Horse"—principally in the north-west territories, and equipped and transported them to South Africa at his own expense. The young penniless lad struggling bravely in the wilds of the North-West, the strenuous man labouring early and late to build up a nation and to

MONTREAL QUEBEC AND OTTAWA

promote the best interests of the Empire, the grand old man of ninety-three still at work on behalf of the Dominion he had helped to build, are pictures that



STRATHCONA MONUMENT

will live in history, and inspire succeeding generations into whose keeping the Empire will pass.

There are in Montreal many picturesque public parks, chief among them being Mount Royal, that lifts itself to a height of nearly a thousand feet.

CANADA TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

overlooking the city and all the surrounding country. There are also many interesting monuments and ancient landmarks in Montreal. Among the old houses of history, perhaps the most interesting is the famous Chateau de Ramezay, erected in 1705 by Claude de Ramezay, Governor of Montreal. It was afterward known as Government House, and was occupied by the American General, Montgomery, during the time he held the city. Here, too, the American Congressional Commission, composed of Franklin, Chase, and Carroll, sat many days and nights trying to persuade the Canadians to join the thirteen states in the rebellion against King George III. The ancient redoubts are there and much of the old furnishings and many relics of other days.

The city of Quebec dates back to the time of Jacques Cartier, who discovered Canada in 1533. The régime of the great Champlain who founded the city in 1608, the several conflicts between the British and the French which resulted in England's supremacy in British North America by that decisive battle between Wolfe and Montcalm on the Plains of Abraham in 1759, and the unsuccessful attempt to capture the city by Generals Arnold and Montgomery of the United States Army in 1775, lend this quaint old place an interest which can nowhere be found on the Western Hemisphere. In addition to the many historical sites and the several landmarks which still exist and are in a good state of preservation, and which are of unbounded interest to the people of America, there are unlimited attractions that appeal to the tourist, the traveller and

180

MONTREAL QUEBEC AND OTTAWA

the lover of beautiful scenery. There is no other city in the world, situated with quite such a picturesque environment, and the grandeur of the scene from the many points of vantage can only be appreciated by a visit to its confines. What more beautiful sights can be dreamed of than the view from the King's Bastion of the Citadel, standing



THE CITADEL, QUEBEC

hundreds of feet above the noble St. Lawrence, with a vision in every direction, and as far as the eye can reach can be seen the magnificence of the Laurentian Hills miles away as a background ; the beautifully wooded island of Orleans ; the St. Lawrence River for miles, with its ocean liners, inward and outward bound, and frequently during the summer months war vessels of the British Navy, as well as of foreign nations ; Dufferin Terrace stretching along the front of the Upper Town ; the

CANADA TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

unique and picturesque houses and streets of the Lower Town, and the pastoral scenes of the surrounding country, all lending a view of incomparable grandeur. Many noted authors have written volumes descriptive of this garrison city; but none has found words sufficient to do it justice or place it before the reader in such a way as to give even a slight inkling as to what is in store for those who come to see for themselves.

Within the wall of the old city, and in the charming precincts of the Lower Town, are to be found material and sights which appeal to the lover of the antique, and the student of the old days of chivalry and the dawn of civilization on this continent. The old French architecture of the houses recalls to mind the picturesque streets of Normandy and the many other portions of Old France. Among the special attractions in this city are the religious edifices, some of them being the oldest on the American continent, with antiquated exteriors and beautiful interiors, with an atmosphere of romance and history that grows on the beholder and makes one long to remain and drink in all.

Probably to many, the massive fortifications perched upon the heights constituting the strongest natural fortress on the American continent, and only second in the world to Gibraltar, will be of greatest interest. Companies of Canadian soldiers are here stationed; visitors are allowed inside the walls and are cordially received by the guard, one of whom is delegated to show the sightseer over the ground. Many of these soldiers are well versed in the details connected with the armaments and the principal

MONTREAL QUEBEC AND OTTAWA

points of the surroundings, and are very willing to show marked attention to the visitor. The high stone wall which encloses the Citadel is crowned on the river front with an immense park of artillery, many of them of antiquated pattern, but the majority of them modern implements of warfare. In the centre



CHATEAU FRONTENAC, QUEBEC

of the courtyard is seen a small cannon captured by the British at Bunker Hill.

It is the fashionable thing for Americans in winter to run up to the old capital of Canada, envelop themselves in the beautiful furs that are here so inexpensive, and enjoy the sleigh rides, tobogganing, snow-shoeing, skating etc., in the bracing atmosphere of a Canadian winter. Instead of the enervating climate of the south, that makes exertion of every kind a burden, physical exercise in Quebec,

CANADA TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

during the season of frost and snow, is a positive pleasure. The more one walks, or drives, or skates, the more temptation there is to continue it. The bracing atmosphere of the Canadian winter is the very elixir of life. Visitors in town are made heartily welcome to the rinks, where skating, curling and ice hockey, besides dances on ice and fancy dress carnivals, are constantly indulged in.

Here is a description of a visitor's first experience of winter in Québec.

“The great granite walls capped and flecked with snow; the narrow, curving streets heaped with snow; the houses all fringed with ponderous icicles; the trees whose every limb is outlined with a coating of snow; the sleighs all buried in furs; the people in blanket suits and furs and moccasins; the gorgeous snow-shoers; the priests and soldiers and nuns—all these shown off beside the ice-glutted river are quite enough to satisfy the tourists without the added trifles of a curling match, or a masquerade on skates, or even a Vice-Regent's Ball. . . . They have cut out of the surface of the river a sea-green ice palace, which shines on the old city wall like a diamond tiara on the head of a duchess. They have carved out of solid ice several statues of their national heroes. They have spanned the leading streets with Eiffel Towers of fir and evergreen arches which are to be manned with snow-shoers in worsted toques, blanquet coats, blanket trousers, gaudy scarves and moccasins.”

Levis is situated across the St. Lawrence River from Québec, and from its cliffs the view is magnificent. In the foreground we have the intense blue of the

MONTREAL QUEBEC AND OTTAWA

river and behind this, the Quebec Citadel, Dufferin Terrace, the Chateau Frontenac, and the country, framed by the grand mountains which cannot be seen in their full beauty from the Quebec shore.

There are three forts in Levis of historic interest, for from them Wolfe shelled Quebec in 1759. An electric railway meets all boats at the ferry and then proceeds east along the river bank to Fraser Street, where it begins to climb to the top of the cliff; here it turns and runs back toward the ferry on the higher level. The view from this point is one of the finest imaginable, for it is possible to see both up and down the river from one place. Across the river are seen the villages of Beauport and Montmorency, the beautiful church of the former lifting its twin spires against the purple mountains; to the right the heavily wooded end of the Island of Orleans; while to the left the Chateau Frontenac and the massive stone fortress are outlined against the sky.

For scenic beauty and picturesqueness the Canadian capital, Ottawa, is not surpassed by any capital in the world. The House of Parliament and surrounding government buildings stand upon the high bank of the beautiful Ottawa River, just below the great Chaudière Falls.

Through the heart of the city runs the Rideau Canal. From the south the view is out over the deep cañon through which the canal drops to the level of the Ottawa. West, the view is over the native trees of a beautiful park, beyond which flows the Ottawa, the inter-provincial bridge reaching over to Hull, an important lumber and manufacturing town.



OTTAWA

MONTREAL QUEBEC AND OTTAWA

Away north spreads the growing city. That way, too, lies the Government House, the home of the Governor-General. Miles upon miles of splendid driveways have been constructed about the capital within the last decade.

For many years Canada possessed a portable capital. Parliament used to sit at Quebec and at Montreal alternately. Finally, the late Queen Victoria was appealed to, and she fixed the capital at Ottawa. The foundation-stone of the Parliament buildings was laid on September 1, 1860, by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales (later King Edward VII.), who was then paying his now historic visit to the continent.

The first session of the Parliament of Canada, held in the new capital, opened upon June 8, 1866. It was during that session that the famous Canadian Federation scheme was adopted. The three blocks of Parliament buildings are extremely picturesque, and at the same time present a massive and imposing appearance. The outer facing of the walls is of a local sandstone, while the dressings are grey coloured freestone. The Parliament House (or central block) contains the two chambers and offices of the officials. The central tower is some 160 feet high, surmounted by a crown and flagstaff. On each side of the central tower the main structure extends right and left. The eastern wing accommodates the Senate and its officials, and the western the "Faithful Commons."

Reference must be made to the magnificent Library of Parliament. It is built very largely upon the lines of some of those famous chapter houses which are attached to the noble old cathedrals of which there are so many in the old lands. The building is circular

CANADA TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

and ninety feet in diameter, and the interior presents to the eye a magnificent dome of forty-two feet, the base of which is an equal distance from the ground floor.



ROCKCLIFFE PARK, OTTAWA

The Electric Railway system of Ottawa has always been famous. It sprang into existence in an almost perfect condition, and has always been looked upon by experts as a model. It affords easy access to every quarter of the city, and to remote points, such as Rockcliffe Park, Victoria Park in exactly

188

MONTREAL QUEBEC AND OTTAWA

the opposite direction, and other important parks, as well as the exhibition and different athletic grounds. By it the suburbs, particularly Hull, are placed in convenient communication with the city. The magnificent water power at Ottawa has afforded special facilities for electric development. Ottawa has become the centre of what bids fair to be a radiating system of electric railways, which will connect the capital ere long with all the surrounding towns and villages.

A very great deal more might be said of the rise and progress of Ottawa, but what has been said is sufficient to show that the capital has every reason to be proud of its development. In less than eighty years she has risen from a wilderness to a city of the first magnitude in the Dominion, ranking fourth in population. When the city was incorporated it adopted as its motto the words "Advance Ottawa."

Adapted, by permission, from the publications of the Grand Trunk Railway Company.

CHAPTER XVII

A LAND OF GREAT RIVERS AND LAKES

NATURE has bestowed her choicest gift—an abundant supply of fresh water—upon Canada with lavish hand, making her pre-eminently a land of noble streams and magnificent lakes. The St. Lawrence and its tributary the Ottawa in the east, the Red and the Saskatchewan Rivers of Central Canada, the Fraser River and the Columbia in the west, and the Mackenzie River and the Yukon in the north form a chain of wonderful waterways extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the southern borders of the Dominion to the shores of the frozen Arctic Ocean.

A Britisher's heart swells with pride as he speaks of the Thames or the Severn, but in the Ottawa, a mere tributary of the St. Lawrence that pours its waters into the parent stream six hundred miles from its mouth, the Canadian can boast a river nearly five hundred and fifty miles long and three or four times as big as Britain's greatest streams. It is very difficult for those of us who have never seen any but our native country to picture the vastness of the scenes in this distant colony. We speak of the St. Lawrence valley, but the common notion of

GREAT RIVERS AND LAKES

a valley, with hills or mountains shutting it in on either hand, gives no idea whatever of this great river basin that embraces almost the whole of the province of Quebec.

As we enter the mouth of the river, at this point forty miles in width, mountains rise almost sheer from the water's edge, but as we ascend the river



LUMBER CAMP SHANTIES, EASTERN CANADA

the mountains gradually fall back till the valley becomes a great plain. The mountains lie on either side though they cannot be seen. Away to the north stretches the long Laurentian range, running east and west nearly half-way across the Dominion. Far back from the St. Lawrence on the south lies a hilly, and, in some places, even mountainous, country extending to the international frontier. Between these two mountainous extremes stretches a great

CANADA TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

agricultural plain cut in two by the St. Lawrence river and intersected by many other rivers, the smallest of which would seem a considerable stream in England.

Many rivers, great and small, race down from the Laurentian Mountains on the north and from the hill country of the United States frontier on the south, to cross the fertile plain and empty into the St. Lawrence. These streams largely compensate Quebec for its lack of coal. The water power they are capable of supplying is almost incalculable, and, when utilized, will give the province an advantage in manufacturing economy that will endure when the exhaustion of the mines has ruined districts depending on coal for motive force. The rivers are used to-day, as they have been for many generations, as the high-ways of the lumberman and the hunter. When the winter comes, an army of lumbermen invades the great densely wooded area lying north of the cultivated St. Lawrence and Ottawa valleys; and the detachments of this army, sallying forth morning by morning from the lumber shanties, cut down the trees and roll them into the frozen river watercourses, to be floated down to the big rivers in the spring and turned into planks, rafters, beams, masts, furniture, paper pulp, and in fact, almost everything that can be made of wood.

The St. Lawrence at last opens out into the chain of great ocean-like lakes, in crossing which the traveller will be often out of sight of land. His vessel may be caught in a storm on its journey, and be buffeted about by great waves that dash against the ship with all the fury of the open ocean. Between

GREAT RIVERS AND LAKES

Lakes Ontario and Erie the great stream leaps over the Falls of Niagara—one of the wonders of the world. The glory of the falls is their beauty, but they also provide an enormous force which can be used without destroying or greatly injuring their appearance. This force is already being converted into electric current, which is conducted through cables to the



NIAGARA FALLS

manufacturing towns, where it will provide motive power for almost unlimited machinery.

On the occasion of a visit to this marvellous creation of Nature, Charles Dickens wrote: "Niagara was at once stamped upon my heart an image of beauty, to remain there changeless and indelible, until the pulse ceased to beat forever. Oh, how the strife and trouble of daily life receded from my view, and lessened in the distance, during the

CANADA TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

ten memorable days I passed upon that enchanted ground.

“What voices spoke out from the thundering waters ; what faces, faded from earth, looked out upon me from its gleaming depths ; what heavenly promise glistened in those angels’ tears, and drops of many hues that showered around and turned themselves about the gorgeous arches which the changing rainbow made.

“To wander to and fro all day and see the cataracts from all points of view ; to stand upon the edge of the great Horseshoe Falls, marking the hurried water, gathering strength as it approached the verge, yet seeming to pause before it shot into the gulf below ; to gaze from the river’s bank up at the torrent as it came streaming down ; to climb the neighbouring heights and watch it through the trees and see the writhing water in the rapids hurrying on to take the fearful plunge ; to linger in the shadow of the solid rocks, three miles below, watching the river, as, stirred by no visible cause, it heaved and eddied and awoke the echoes, being troubled yet far down beneath the surface of the giant leap. I think in every quiet season now still do the waters roll, and leap, and roar, and bubble all day long, still are the rainbows spanning a hundred feet below. Still when the sun is on them do they shine and glow like molten gold. Still when the day is gloomy do they fall like snow or seem to crumble away like the foot of a great chalk cliff, or roll down the rocks like dense light smoke.”

Some idea of the vastness of these great waterways may be gathered from the following description



THE CAVE OF THE WINDS

CANADA TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

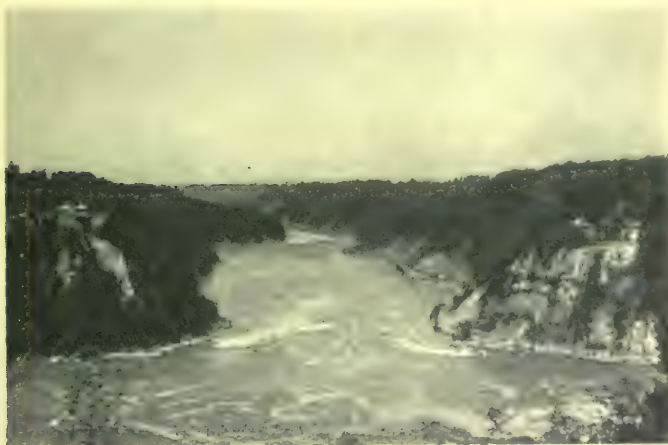
of a journey, taken from a speech delivered by Lord Dufferin at Winnipeg. "Even after having ascended the St. Lawrence itself to Lake Ontario, and pursued it across Lake Erie, St. Clair, Lake Huron, and Lake Superior to Thunder Bay—a distance of fifteen hundred miles, where are we? In the estimation of a person who has made the journey, at the end of all things; but to us, who know better, scarcely at the beginning of the great fluvial systems of the Dominion; for from that spot, that is to say from Thunder Bay, we are able at once to ship our astonished traveller on to the Kaministiquia, a river of some hundred miles long. Thence, almost in a straight line, we launch him on to Lake Shebandowan and Rainy Lake and River—a magnificent stream three hundred yards broad and a couple of miles long, down whose tranquil bosom he floats to the Lake of the Woods, where he finds himself on a sheet of water which, though diminutive as compared with the inland seas he has left behind him, will probably be found sufficiently extensive to render him fearfully sea-sick during his passage of it.

"For the last eighty miles of his voyage, however, he will be consoled by sailing through a succession of land-locked channels, the beauty of whose scenery, while it resembles, certainly excels, the far-famed Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence. From this paradise of sylvan beauty we are able at once to transfer our friend to the Winnipeg, a river whose existence in the very heart and centre of the continent is in itself one of Nature's most delightful miracles—so beautiful and varied are its rocky

GREAT RIVERS AND LAKES

banks, its tufted islands ; so broad, so deep, so fervid is the volume of its waters, the extent of their lake-like expansions, and the tremendous power of their rapids.

“ At last let us suppose we have landed our traveller at the town of Winnipeg, the half-way house of the continent, the capital of the Prairie Province. . . .



THE WHIRLPOOL, NIAGARA

We take him down to the quay and ask him which he will ascend first—the Red River or the Assiniboine—two streams, the one five hundred miles long, the other four hundred and eighty, which so happily mingle their waters within the city's limits. After having given him a preliminary canter up these respective rivers, we take him off to Lake Winnipeg, an inland sea three hundred miles long and upward of sixty broad, during the navigation of

CANADA TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

which, for many a weary hour, he will find himself out of sight of land, and probably a good deal more indisposed than ever he was on the Lake of the Woods, or even the Atlantic. At the north-west angle of Lake Winnipeg he hits upon the mouth of the Saskatchewan, the gateway of the North-West, and the starting-point to another one thousand five



ON THE WINNIPEG RIVER

hundred miles of navigable water flowing nearly due east and west between its alluvial banks.

“Having now reached the foot of the Rocky Mountains, our ancient mariner—for by this time he will be quite entitled to such an appellation—knowing that water cannot run uphill, feels certain his aquatic experiences are concluded. He was never more mistaken. We immediately launch him upon the Athabasca and Mackenzie Rivers, and

GREAT RIVERS AND LAKES

start him on a longer trip than he has yet undertaken, the navigation of the Mackenzie River alone exceeding two thousand five hundred miles. If he survives this last experience we wind up his peregrinations by a concluding voyage of one thousand four hundred miles down the Fraser River, or, if he prefer it, the Thompson River, to Victoria in Vancouver."

The journey here briefly described leaves untouched many thousands of miles of lakes and rivers that water the vast territory of the North-West and other regions of the Dominion. It presents a picture, however, that will help to give us some sense of the magnitude of our oldest colony, and will justify its claim to the title: "A land of great Rivers and Lakes."

CHAPTER XVIII

CANADA'S DESTINY

THE only picture that can give any idea of what Canada is like must be a panorama. It is as hopeless to attempt to describe Canada as it actually is by presenting photographs of a Rocky Mountain pass or a French Canadian village in Quebec, as it would be to pretend to show a foreigner what Great Britain is like by giving him a picture of a London park or a Scotch mountain. Canada is half a continent, a land of immense distances and endless variety. There is perhaps no conception with regard to Canada that is more difficult to convey to people of Europe and Great Britain than a reasonable idea of the vast extent of the Dominion.

Canada, with its more than three and a half million square miles, is almost as large as Europe. It is nearly twice the size of India, and makes up one-third of the British Empire. From Halifax on the Atlantic to Vancouver on the Pacific is three thousand seven hundred and forty miles by rail. From Victoria on the Pacific to Dawson on the Yukon River is one thousand five hundred and fifty miles by ocean and river-steamer and rail. Take a map of the Continent of America and mark the island

200

CANADA'S DESTINY

of Newfoundland commanding the mouth of the great St. Lawrence. That island is equal in extent to Portugal. Across the straits we reach the shores of Nova Scotia, a country as large as Greece, and its sister province of New Brunswick equal in extent to Denmark and Switzerland combined. Follow the



IN THE SALMON RIVER DISTRICT—NOVA SCOTIA

course of the St. Lawrence to the old districts of Lower and Upper Canada, which exceed by twenty thousand square miles the area of France, Great Britain and Ireland put together. Cross over the vast prairie territories, greater in extent than the whole of Russia, and you are in British Columbia, a land of golden promise, equal in area to the Austrian Empire.

Only a few years ago, comparatively speaking, even the Canadians themselves had little idea of the

CANADA TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

immense resources and possibilities of their country. A narrow strip extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific was regarded as the habitable and industrial Dominion, while the vast north and much of the north-west were considered as illimitable waste. Hiawatha, in his song, reveals his vision of the secrets of the future.

I beheld the westward marches
Of the unknown, crowded nations.
All the land was full of people,
Restless, struggling, toiling, striving,
Speaking many tongues, yet feeling
But one heart-beat in their bosoms.
In the woodlands rang their axes,
Smoked their towns in all the valleys,
Over all the lakes and rivers
Rushed their great canoes of thunder.

Within recent years a great change has taken place in these respects, and the dream is fast being realized. "The opening up of the North-West, and the rapid expansion of its wheat-fields; the discovery of enormous deposits of coal, copper, silver and gold; the influx of immigration not only from Europe but from the western United States; the multiplication of railroad lines; the enormous expansion of manufacturing activity in the eastern provinces to meet the growing needs of the country; the opening up of magnificent territories in the northern parts of Quebec and Ontario; and above all, the immense progress of the whole Dominion, from ocean to ocean, in agriculture and the exportation of farm produce—these have combined to give the whole Canadian people a strong confidence in their own country, and the determination to give it that

CANADA'S DESTINY

place in the world which its resources and advantages justify."

The Premier of Canada recently claimed that the twentieth century belongs to Canada. To-day the United States has a population of at least ninety millions, but at the beginning of the last century it was the same as that of Canada to-day,¹ seven



PEAR ORCHARD, WESTERN ONTARIO

millions. The belief of the Premier that, as the nineteenth century was the century of the United States, the twentieth century is the century of Canada, is shared by all Canadians. Even the least optimistic friend of the Dominion now hesitates to set limits to her industrial and general development, convinced that the progress of Canada in the present century will be as great as that of the United States in the last century.

¹ Census, 1911, gave the population of Canada as 7,206,643.

CANADA TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

Where's the coward that would not dare
To fight for such a land ?

But the destiny of a country depends not on its material resources, but on the character of its people. Here, too, is full ground for confidence. "Not so very long ago what is now the Dominion of Canada was a series of entirely separate countries. It is true they owed allegiance to the same monarch, but that



THRESHING WHEAT

was all. They acknowledged no allegiance to each other. Each did what it thought best in its own interest, regardless of the interests of the others." In 1867 these countries came together to form the Dominion of Canada, just as, many centuries earlier, the separate kingdoms lying south of Scotland united to form the kingdom of England. The splitting up of England into its former seven kingdoms is now unthinkable, and equally impossible is the dream of breaking up Canada into its original fragments.

CANADA'S DESTINY

The Canadians "are sprung of earth's first blood, have titles manifold." They come of a race that "never counted the number of its foes, nor the number of its friends, when freedom, loyalty or God was concerned." The Dominion cannot be severed from its past without danger to its highest interests. Loyalty is essential to its true glory, and not even the idlest dreamers would propose to tear the British Empire apart by dismembering Canada from Britain or Britain from Canada. Proud in their loyalty to the Throne and in their passionate attachment to the Mother Country, Britain's sons across the sea seek, in the consolidation of the Empire, a common Imperial citizenship, with common responsibilities and a common inheritance. The spirit of unwavering loyalty that binds the greatest colony to the Motherland has perhaps never been better expressed than in the words of the Canadian poet who wrote :

—We have British hearts and British blood
That leaps up, eager, when the danger calls !
Once and again our sons have sprung to arms
To fight in Britain's quarrel—not our own—
And drive the covetous invader back,
Who would have let us, peaceful, keep our own
So had we cast the British name away ;
Canadian blood has dyed Canadian soil,
For Britain's honour, that we deemed our own ;
Nor do we ask but for the right to keep
Unbroken still, the cherished filial tie
That binds us to the distant, sea-girt isle
Our fathers loved, and taught their sons to love,
As the dear home of freemen, brave and true,
And loving Honour more than ease or gold.

A. M. MACHAR

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